The Saturday Review

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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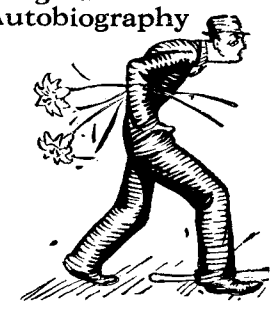

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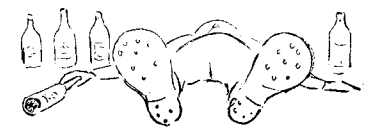

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Squid

THE squid (if our biology is correct) sucks in whatever comes its way and, when excited, squirts out ink. So does New York. Philadelphia, once the intellectual capital of America, is cultivated but uncreative. Some scholarship, some excellent essays, about as much good poetry as a New England village produces, an occasional novel, seldom important—that is all. Boston suppresses more books of the imagination than she produces. Publishing is still vigorous there, and scholarship, but pure literature looks elsewhere for a habitat. When Boston writes it is of her past; her present is largely silence. San Francisco, still a cosmopolis, still congenial to the literary mind, has by no means fulfilled the expectations of those who saw new airy castles of the imagination about to rise on the Pacific. She has a past, like Boston, which is more brilliant than her present. Chicago is assertative, but her best writers will not stay at home; she is best when rough, the dove of self confidence refuses to light in her bosom. Foreigners rave over her as the great exponent of raucous America, but her best contributions might have been written in New York—and often are. Detroit and Cleveland, the fourth and fifth cities of the United States and among the great congeries of the world, are pockets in the literary radio, silent, inexpressive, and apparently content. There is no intellectual center in America not strictly academic, but New York.

* * *

Of course Paris sums up France—but Paris can. London is Great Britain's focus, but there is an autonomy in British writing which results from roots sunk deep in the English counties, the highlands, Ireland. Berlin, in a federated Germany, has no such powers of suction and destruction as New York.

This great ink squirter, this vast eddy into which young writers from all the States drop like chips and whirl in the maelstrom, is no friend to local talent. It welcomes it, at the price of absorption. Tentacles reach everywhere, drawing in talent, pumping back ink.

What is the matter with Philadelphia? Is it content with two national weeklies, written not for or by Philadelphia? Is there no literature in her, no energy of the creative imagination, no pleasure except in appreciation? Why is Boston the last of the great cities in which producers care to put on a good play? Why do Detroit and Cleveland support admirable symphony orchestras (the leader of one from Russia, of the other from New Haven), one good magazine of journalism, but no publishers, no poets or few, few writers of any kind. Why has Indianapolis, once a literary allusion, sunk into obsolescence except for its excellent publishing firm (with a branch in New York) and Booth Tarkington, who spends half the year in New England? Why is there no general publishing firm, no literary magazine not academic, in all of the South? Why are Santa Fé, New Orleans, Santa Barbara spoken of as "literary colonies," more closely bound to New York than to their own soil?

Few will deny the facts. Are they encouraging? Has the State died in literature as in politics; is sectionalism, which was the great irritant in the intellectual life of this country, become a means of local color and no more? Is it inescapable that the voices of the States (as Whitman would have expressed it) should come singly from a Cabell, a Glasgow, an Elizabeth Roberts, a Frost, a Heyward, a Tarkington, a Gale—with nowhere a community of minds, like Concord's, nowhere an intellectual center (as Edinburgh once was) outside of the capital?

If so, let us make the most of New York, even though New York has several marked disadvantages as the Rome of our modern empire, being too heterogeneous to be American, too expensive to be a permanent domicile, too close to the magnets of profitable journalism to be safe for the young and ambitious.

But the situation is not fortunate—either for literature or good living. The author who (having learned his world) goes home, and brings his friends, and stays there, is likely to profit both his city and himself. Ideas spark from contact with others. Self criticism operates where there is competition among meeting minds as well as among published works. It is not good for the writer to write by himself and for himself too long, as the work of Cabell often shows. The New York hive should swarm.

Lavish Kindness

By ELINOR WYLIE

INDULGENT giants burned to crisp
The oak-trees of a dozen shires
Adorning thus a will o' the wisp
With momentary pomp of fires.

The waters of an inland sea
Were magicked to a mountain peak
Enabling dwindled pools to be
Cool to a single swallow's beak.

But whether prodigies of waste,
Or idle, or beneficent,
Such deeds are not performed in haste
And none has fathomed their intent.

This Week

"Origins of the War." Russia. Reviewed by *Michael Florinsky.*
Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.
"The Marriage Bed." Reviewed by *Gladys Graham.*
"The Islanders." Reviewed by *Lawrence Cornelius.*
"The Minister's Daughter." Reviewed by *Lawrence S. Morris.*
"Four O'Clock." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*
"From Man to Man." Reviewed by *Amy Wellington.*
"Decadence." Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*

Next Week or Later

"France and America." Reviewed by *Newton D. Baker.*
"Origins of the War." France. Reviewed by *William R. Langner.*

James Fenimore Cooper*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

COOPER is the fighting Quaker of American literature. While Irving, the esthetic Federalist, tidied his garden plots and built Dutch Alhambras, humorously romantic, on the Hudson, Cooper swung toward democracy, colored his social philosophy with the ideas of Jefferson, and took the continent and the oceans for his theme. He is a pound American where Irving is an ounce, yet more propagandist than artist; a maker of national epics (almost our only one) who never achieved a style, a man on a scale as great as the popularity of his books, which exceeded that of any other American writer and equalled Byron's and Scott's, with faults on a scale as great also. He alone was able to make literary use of that passion for what his compatriots called so vaguely freedom which inspired the political and social achievements of the young United States. Not creative in his ideas like Emerson and Thoreau, not a humanist and artist like Poe and Hawthorne, he belongs with Melville and Whitman, men born upon the surge of the American flood and torn by its conflicts, incoherent like them sometimes and sometimes eloquent and expressive.

It is impossible to discuss Cooper merely as a man of letters, for he was artistic by instinct only and a writer by compulsion rather than determined choice. To write of him, as has been the custom, solely in terms of the romantic movement, as if Rousseau and Scott plus a forest made Leatherstocking inevitable, is to reduce one of the most revealing figures of the early century to the dimensions of a second-rate imitator. Cooper's sins against art were sometimes monstrous, and when he wrote in what he regarded as a literary tradition, he could be insufferable; but when he was his own man he was a world figure.

The panoply and trappings of the romantic movement have gone stale in Cooper's books. The Unknowns who stalk through his novels and at the end are little more than gestures, the chivalrous gentlemen always proposing to die for someone, the rebels against tyranny, the blighted souls, the too modest women who would burn to death rather than remove their petticoats, are all imitated from the fashionable romance of the day or his favorite Shakespeare, and are usually tiresome and sometimes impossible. Nothing could be less like the direct force of Cooper's correspondence than this fol-de-rol. He was fascinated by it, as we are fascinated by realism, but it was not the man himself nor his real "gift" in writing. Like most unliterary writers, he picked up the vices of a contemporary style and thought they made literature. More of this later. It was the inner spirit of romanticism, its expansiveness, its passionate cult of the ego, its rush back from artifice to the vast simplicities of nature, that touched his heart and moved his pen to its best writing, perhaps because one hope of romance was a fresh world where man could be reformed in the image of desire, and Cooper knew the wilderness (and the sea also) when, for a moment, it was, in this sense, romantic.

The influence of Rousseau was as great, though less direct, upon Cooper as upon Jefferson. The rights of man (when he likes the men) are to him indisputable, the primitive draws him like a magnet, he distrusts every convention that interferes with free development, provided his prejudices allow him to call it a convention. It is he and not Scott

*This essay is part of a chapter to be included in a forthcoming book.

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who describes the wild landscapes in which Rousseau's ideal man might return to nature. The Trossachs are mere stage scenery beside the Adirondacks, the plains, and the forests of the Genesee. Scott's primitives are by-characters merely, while with Cooper they become protagonists of the stories. Cooper gave to his country and to Europe, particularly to restless Europe, the concrete figures of noble savage, simple-hearted woodsman, and the conception of free opportunity in a boundless West which called like Alps to Jura to fervid imaginations fed on Rousseau's philosophy. After the disillusionment of the Napoleonic wars, here courage, innocence, generosity, skill might all adventure upward in romantic air.

The happy union of history and romance which Scott had effected for two continents was undoubtedly a factor in Cooper's success. He borrowed and worsened not merely the romantic trappings of Scott's novels but their stiffening of historical incident, and so profited by the path round the world which they had made. Yet he realized his essential independence. "Americans," he wrote in "The Travelling Bachelor," "have too much common sense to make good subjects for literature. Descriptions of society on the borders have positive though no very poetical interest. History and romance have not been successfully blended in America." His "gift" lay elsewhere, and nothing disgusted him more than to be called, as he so often was, the American Scott.* Their provinces were different, and where they overlapped, he was an imitator, and often a bungling one. To help the imagination to escape from a cramped or a petty life is a function of romance which both men shared. To let man return to nature and the unspoiled virtues of a wide but not unfriendly wilderness was a function of romance also, in which Cooper was Rousseau's disciple and a scout in the new continent for the powerful romantic ideas of Europe. Hence his easy popularity. But to stop with such a definition is to miss the qualities which make Cooper unique. If there were only Rousseau and Scott to account for Cooper, we should have added one more to the long list of American literary parasites upon European fashions which still fill our libraries with volumes that nobody reads.

⁂

It is difficult indeed to grasp Cooper from the accounts usually given of him. Lounsbury, whose history of the reception of his books can scarcely be excelled, was too engaged with carrying on the Cooperian vendetta against a supercilious England to be much concerned with subtle analyses of the man. D. H. Lawrence, in his epic chapter,† neglects the patent fact that Cooper's perfect domesticity makes him a bad theme for an essay upon blighted lives, and does not see that Cooper's intense virility is poor evidence for his revival of the eighteenth century thesis that man degenerates in America. American critics have discussed him merely as a child of the romantic movement or an offspring of the frontier. The unique quality of Cooper's romance at its best cannot be explained by either Rousseau in Europe or the forest at home. It comes from deeper levels than his truculence or his hard-headed desire for an income, and the escape of energy suppressed is merely its vehicle. It is based upon predispositions deeply bred in the man. It is characterized by two strong emotions of which one, a fierce republicanism, is obvious, and can be left for later discussion. But the other is not obvious. Cooper, in one part of his soul, was and always remained a Quaker. As a Quaker he judged human nature, and created character when he could create at all. To call Cooper the Quaker romanticist is to put too much in a term, but without his Quakerism he would have been much nearer to a merely American Scott. Without this imprint of a peculiar culture he would never have made Natty Bumppo or Long Tom Coffin, never in short have been Cooper. Lounsbury calls him a puritan, forgetting for the moment that his dislike of New England Yankees was so strong that even Boston biscuits kept him awake at night‡. He was puritan when he scolded, but at his moral best a Quaker. The distinction is important.

The Quaker doctrine of the inner light and the Quaker discipline of simplicity so widely spread in early America, have seldom survived in the conflict with more noisy or more adaptable religions, and have ever given way before an increase in luxury and self-gratification, or hot blood demanding the active life. Yet where youth has been exposed to their sweet austerities there is seldom complete escape. The intellect may seek a more measured approach to the Deity, yet a sense of fortifying spiritual presence will remain. Gusto for living, a will and a means to sharpen taste and savor experience, may make impossible for the Quaker's child that plan of simple living, self-restrained, which keeps the soul in readiness for the inner voice; yet a belief that simplicity of heart is more valuable than cleverness will persist, and the conception of a spiritual democracy, in which the pure of soul are equal in the sight of God, remains as a social philosophy which is overlaid but seldom entirely forgotten. Tolerance, respect for the good wherever found, non-aggression, a readiness to trust human nature, distrust of all mere worldliness, these traits have been carried out of Quakerism by thousands once subjected to its discipline, and woven deep into the fabric of American idealism. Some of the threads have quietly rotted away, but many are still strong although they have long since lost the name of Quaker.

⁂

Curiously enough, but not so curiously after all, the rebels from Quakerism who have covered their hearts with the shields and armor of the world, have with remarkable frequency, gone to the further extreme of Protestantism. The Episcopal church, with its decorous ritual, its traditional discipline, its language attuned to lonely communication with God, received the too worldly Quaker, and gave him a spiritual home and a creed and authority to stiffen the faith which his sophisticated soul could no longer find for itself. Simplicity and ritual, authority and self-discipline, are akin in this, that both escape disorder; and tradition is but self-dependence at a long remove.

Cooper is a perfect example of the Quaker transformed. His truculent, militant spirit, his willingness to fight (but not to seek combat), whether imaginatively at sea or in the forest, or actually in courts of law, his dogmatism, his violent energy always seeking deeds (though after youth seldom achieving them), seem little fitted to Quakerism. Yet George Fox was truculent. The Nantucket Quakers sought the whale in baths of blood around the world, and the practical energy of the Friends made Pennsylvania the model community in prosperity as well as government in the middle eighteenth century. That Cooper could have remained a Friend in any circumstance short of persecution, where he would have shone, is improbable. He was too full-blooded for such a faith except in its creative youth. He was not the Quaker type, and he was never consciously Quaker in his professions.

But no man can escape his youth, especially the child of a Quaker. His mother, so I judge from her portrait made in Cooperstown shortly before her death in 1817, was a good Quaker until the end, for she wears the "plain clothing," sure sign of an unwavering adherence to the "discipline." Quakers from the South (which means presumably New Jersey) visited Cooperstown "by fifties" in those early days. Judge Temple, in "the Pioneers," Cooper's study of his father, is just such a Quaker as I have been describing, forced by temperament and his own ambition into a pioneer world where the already stiffening Quakerism of Burlington was too ideal and too rigid to live by. It is rumored that the real Judge had been "put out of meeting." Yet in his ethics and his deeper purposes, Judge Temple seems Quaker still. He smiles with the author at the attempt to foist high church upon the New England immigrants, laughs at the pretentious worldliness of Richard, despises the pious legalism of Hiram Doolittle, and yet responds to good wine, good living, and good adventure as such hearty men will, but Quakers should not. In strong emotion he drops constantly to the "thou" and "thee" of his upbringing, and Cooper says of him, "he retained them (the habits and language impressed upon his youth by the traits of a mild religion) in some degree to the hour of his death." His dress is described as plain neat black. Thus did Cooper depict his father in the Judge, and thus, with qualifications and a deeper self-analysis, he might have described himself.

From this influence Cooper never entirely departed. There are numerous references to Quakers and Quakerism in his books, most abundant naturally in the early volumes, but all respectful and sometimes affectionate. "A sect," he says in "The Crater," written toward the end of his life, "whose practice was generally as perfect as its theory is imperfect." Long Tom Coffin is a Nantucket whaler, and therefore a Quaker by inference, and his simple religion is essentially Quaker as any one who reads over the chapter which records his death in the wreck may see. When Natty Bumppo in "The Pathfinder" is urged to join the church of England: "The 'arth is the temple of the Lord, and I wait on him hourly, daily, without ceasing, I humbly hope," he says. "No—no—I'll not deny my blood and color, but am Christian born, and shall die in the same faith. The Moravians tried me hard . . . but I've had one answer for them all—I'm a Christian already." This is naïveté, but it is not difficult for the reader of the Leatherstocking Tales to discover that Natty's Christianity is rudimentary Quakerism, with its sense of the immanence of the Creator, its non-aggression, its distrust of the intellect, its intense self-respect, its tolerance: "Each color has its gifts," says Natty, "and one is not to condemn another because he does not exactly comprehend it." This was the first Christianity which Cooper knew, the simple and persuasive religion of his youth.

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In spite of Miss Cooper's indignant denials, old Shipman, who supplied them with fish and venison at Cooperstown, was undoubtedly the prototype of Natty ("a very prosaic old hunter," she calls him, who wore leather stockings but was otherwise not the noble scout of the books). Miss Cooper was thinking of the transmogrified Natty of the later romances. Natty in "The Pioneers," scrawny, simple, a little dull, is presumably a free portrait, like the others in that group, most of whom can be identified with the figures of Cooper's youth. But in a moral sense even the unromantic woodsman of "The Pioneers" is a new creation. "In a moral sense," Cooper says in his preface to the Leatherstocking Tales,* "the man of the forest is purely a creation," and he adds in the Preface to a revised edition of "The Pioneers,"† "a creation rendered probable by such auxiliaries as were necessary to create that effect." At first this moral concept is expressed in simple terms of loyalty and an intuitive sense for the right. But later the moral nature of Natty gets a sharper definition. He becomes a philosopher who talks garrulously of his relations to the universe. Indeed, once past "The Pioneers," Cooper never wavered in his conception which was, as he says in the general Preface already quoted from, "a character who possessed little of civilization but its highest principles as they are exhibited in the uneducated, and all of savage life compatible with these great rules of conduct."

It was into Natty Bumppo that Cooper put his Quaker heart, and his description of the old scout as "a character, in which excessive energy and the most meek submission to the will of Providence were oddly enough combined,"‡ might have been self-portraiture of his best moments. But Cooper made of him a symbol, first of all of romantic escape, a figure ever retreating from the crash of falling timber and the smoke of clearings, on into the unspoiled West. And next, an incarnation of ideal man in a definite limitation of circumstances. He is a primitive Christian who holds "little discourse except with one, and then chiefly of my own affairs."§ He depends for inspiration upon no book, for he cannot read, and upon no man, for he sees few who are spiritual, but only upon the inner light. He is tolerant. If the Indian scalps, it is because he is Indian, not because he is wicked. He is humble, and yet self-respectful as one who reverences God in himself. He defers to differences in worldly station, but only as of the world. He kills only where he must, and in needful killing is mindful of a concession to necessity that puzzles him. It is the one compromise the wilderness forces upon him. He is proud only of his "gifts" of white blood and a sure aim, his "nature" he takes from God and is true to it by simple inevitability. Strip him of his romance and he sinks to such a figure of a daring frontiersman as Simms, in Cooper's own time, has drawn; then, on broader view, rises again by his ethical qualities to a figure of literary importance. The moral study of the naïve Hawk-Eye is in many respects more interesting than the far subtler but turgid analyses of "The Scarlet Letter."

*The Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper. Edited by his grandson, James Fenimore Cooper. p. 227.

†"Studies in Classic American Literature."

‡See his Journal for 1848. Corr.

*†Edition of 1861.

‡"The Prairie."

§"The Pathfinder."

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And it is his moral nature which gives him distinction among other brave and loyal figures of romance.

It is Quaker morality, Quaker spirituality, and Natty is the best Quaker in American literature. His reliance upon the inner light, his inflexible simplicity which results not so much from need as by choice of an environment where, as he says in "The Deerslayer," he can meditate, where he can live with loyal natures in accord with his "gifts," are Quaker traits. His love for the forest is far closer to the Quakers' withdrawal from the world, touched with romance, than to Rousseau's conception of primitive environment. George Fox, who himself wore leather breeches, and, more pertinently, urged men to forsake whatever cramped their spirits, would have heard his own words echoed by Natty, and been far more comprehensible to the scout than were the Moravians.

The Quaker has been unfortunate in fiction and drama. Prosperous Friends, turning to the world, have been proper subjects for satire, the humble Quakers in their communities have been too prosaic, too dull (the fire of martyrdom having long since departed) for literature, which turns from the mediocre. Quaker writers have been too single-minded to do justice to the characters moulded by their faith. Milton could remain Puritan yet write a "Paradise Lost," but the esthetics of the Quaker were burnt up in his inner fire; or his distrust of the world and its intellectualizing inhibited him from art. One had to be a bad Quaker in order to be a good poet or romanticist. Yet the Quaker ideal, as the seventeenth century created it, is winning and powerful. Cooper followed it to an environment where its principles synchronized with the simplicity of the wilderness and the theory of the natural dignity of man. Hence the power of Natty Bumppo.

But Quakerism for Cooper was a faith of naïfs, lovely but lowly. He had long since overlaid the simple religion of John Woolman (also from New Jersey) with sea experience and what he regarded as a more reasonable faith. Although he did not join its communion until just before his death (a fact in itself striking) he was a lifelong Episcopalian, and if his novels are rich in Quaker principles, they are even richer in Anglican arguments. The Quakers of his own day and association were "plain people" in the literal sense of the term, and indeed this was a common appellation of derogatory intent for the smug, comfortable folk who had profited by the inhibitions of Quakerism and lost its spiritual intensity. Once the inner fire is quenched, the limitations of the simple life result in a barren experience and cold and petty minds. For Cooper, Quakerism was a religion of the plain people, and in its place he loved it. He himself was no longer simple, thought himself indeed far less simple than he was.

Natty, therefore, in so far as he is Quaker, is a symbol of the faith of Cooper's ancestry, a faith that seemed to him still lovely in uneducated men, and appropriate to naïve characters in a primitive environment. It was his plain intention in "The Pioneers" to make his Quaker naïfs lovable but quaint. But the beauty of the Quaker ideal was more to him than he knew. Natty became its spokesman, and his estimates of human values, when translated into philosophic English, represent a system, lucid and complete in its own sphere, which has been deeply influential upon the American mind. Nor has Natty himself been without deep influence upon the readers of Cooper.

It is an influence sharpened by tragedy. The philosophy of the wilderness was a protest against the onswelling rush of industrialism. Natty was driven before it, Quakerism was drowned in it. It was Cooper's tragedy too. Neither his religion nor his country would stand still for him, and it was fortunate that in embracing the tradition and the authority of Anglicism he found a stay upon which to rest his spirit as his love rested upon his wife, while the America he had defended so passionately whirled on into what he believed was debasement and confusion.

"My longing is for a wilderness," he wrote to his nephew, Richard, from Paris in 1831; "it is my intention to plunge somewhere into the forest, for six months of the year at my return." Such a romantic longing was deep in Cooper's hidden feelings, and seldom expressed except in his books; his religion was vividly conscious, even when he did not fully grasp its import. Nattly Bumppo is the child of their happy union.

The Beloved Ambassador

By Senator HIRAM BINGHAM

IT was a happy thought which led Warden Fisher to entitle this eagerly awaited biography, "James Bryce,"* instead of "Lord Bryce" or "Viscount Bryce." While to some few thousands of his admirers the title "Viscount Bryce" would have been sufficiently illuminating, it was as "James Bryce" that hundreds of thousands of readers in all parts of the world always thought of him. An early generation knew him as "Holy Roman Empire." The next generation thought of him more particularly as "American Commonwealth." To the third generation he was "Ambassador" Bryce. To all of them it was a little bit difficult, it required a readjustment of long accepted values, to remember to annex his well deserved title of nobility. Now that he has taken his place as one of the immortals of the English-speaking, English-reading world, where titles are no longer necessary, it is once more appropriate to think of him as he was for so long a time known to the great multitude of his admirers, "James Bryce."

Born May 10, 1838, in Belfast, of Scots Irish parentage, his interest in constitutional history developed early. There is a story in the family of how, at the age of eight, he quizzed his Uncle John on the British Constitution, during a long drive in an Irish jaunting car. Apparently "Uncle John was the first of a long line of patients of every race and tongue who were in due course called on to pay their tribute to the same vast and eager curiosity."

Bryce came by the trait rightfully for his father was an eager and observant teacher, full of outdoor interests and scientific curiosity. James had that very

Woodcut by Allen Lewis to illustrate Robert Frost's "The Cow in Appletime."
From "Fifty Prints" (John Day).

best of all educations, home-bred training in scientific subjects which were frequently discussed around the family hearth, and illuminated by numerous country walks and holiday rambles.

As he grew older, Bryce's vacations took him more and more afield. Sometimes they resulted in delightful letters, a few of which from Italy, Egypt, and Palestine the author has given us. At other times important books of travel contain the fruits of his observation, and particularly of his keen eye for scenery. No modern writer has ever surpassed Bryce in the ability to depict scenery. Particularly noteworthy is his account of his journey to South America, a book which for months ranked as a best seller and which has probably been read by more people than any other single work dealing with that continent. Yet it is, so far as I know, the only travel-book about South America which does not contain a single illustration. Bryce had felt keenly the lack of adequate descriptions of scenery which would enable the inward eye of the fire-side traveler to envisage the distant country. This lack it was his deliberate object to fill, and fill it he did to the obvious satisfaction of tens of thousands of readers.

Bryce's friends, and those interested in his extraordinary career will, in these volumes, gladly gather up again the threads of his many travels, follow him in Parliament, and learn why he was "not a parliamentary success" and "not a first class parliamentary figure." While regretting that more space could not be found for his life as a Cabinet Minister in three administrations, they will eagerly follow the course of his great fondness for Armenia and the Armenians, his service with Mr. Gladstone, and his relations with Lord Rosebery, which "were always happy and cordial." They will read with interest of his devotion to Home Rule for Ireland, and of the capital mistakes which British parliamentary politics made in handling the Irish question. To Mr. Fisher "he once observed that he could never blame a man for not being an Irish Home Ruler. Ulster was for him throughout the formidable obstacle, for he knew Ulster from the inside, and remembered that the Protestant Settlement in North Eastern Ireland was older than the Voyage of the Mayflower."

Several chapters are devoted to Bryce's interest in education and his work on two royal commissions dealing with educational problems. Such work appears to have been thoroughly congenial to him and gratified besides his two master passions of travel and inquiry. The report of his first commission is a "landmark in the educational history of England and shows Bryce as a pioneer in educational reform." He was associated with the very beginnings of the movement for giving women a college education. Although a life-long opponent of woman suffrage, he was ever an active adherent of conferring on women the benefits of the highest forms of education.

Bryce's work in Parliament depended largely not only on his early interest in Ireland, and his intimate knowledge of educational matters, but also on his frequent travels. "Travel is a regular part of the political equipment of the British statesman. . . . To learn something at first hand of the problems of foreign or imperial politics is generally regarded by industrious and ambitious young British politicians as a counsel of prudence, which should be followed as far as circumstances permit." For Bryce, "circumstances" knew no limitations.

* * *

His first visit to America was made in 1870 and was limited to the northeastern states where he made many friends. "He fell in love with the United States. It was almost a case of love at first sight." His second visit was made ten years later, when he travelled through the southern states and visited the Pacific Coast. His third visit was made in 1883, when he again crossed and recrossed the continent, gave the Lowell lectures at Boston, and began writing "The American Commonwealth" on which he worked hard for several years. The first edition was published in 1888. Two years later he made his fourth visit to the United States. In 1897, his fifth visit; in 1901, his sixth; in 1904, his seventh; and in 1907 came on his eighth visit, as British Ambassador. No one was ever better qualified for this position. No Ambassador ever found a country more willing to receive him, more anxious to hear him, more insistent in claiming his friendship, affection, and advice.

To the great American reading public, to almost every High School boy, he was the author of the best book on our government. Unquestionably, "The American Commonwealth" was, at the time it appeared, "an amazingly accurate picture of the American Democracy as it presented itself to the eye of a brilliant and scrupulous observer." Five-sixths of it was derived from conversations with Americans in London and the United States and only one-sixth from books. "It may well be asked whether since the days of antiquity there has been any important historical work written so largely from the talk of living men."

One of Bryce's most remarkable traits was his extraordinary memory. No one could spend an hour in conversation with him without being struck by its richness and breadth. An answer to a question regarding political, physical, or social conditions in Peru or Venezuela would be more than likely to be rewarded by an illuminating and detailed account of similar conditions in South Africa or on Mt. Ararat or in Italy.

Not only was one rewarded in this way by a generous exchange from the wealth of information at his disposal but one's own memory was further stimulated to gather up threads of observations made long before in the particular country which happened to be under discussion. Years ago it was my fortu

* James Bryce. By H. G. L. Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. 2 Vols. $8.

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nate experience to be quizzed on South American conditions for several hours by one of our most distinguished Secretaries of State, and some months later under entirely different surroundings by Ambassador Bryce, just prior to his visit to South America. Both were able lawyers; but the Secretary of State carried on his cross-examination in such a manner as to produce a minimum of information. I came out of his office somewhat in doubt as to whether I had ever been in South America! At least, I was quite convinced that such information as I had accumulated was hopelessly inaccurate and that most of my statements were probably false!

On the other hand, the quiz by Ambassador Bryce, which lasted for nearly eight hours one evening and four or five hours more the next morning, at the home of a mutual friend, produced the maximum of information which it had been my business to procure during a period of nearly ten years as a student of South American affairs and a traveler in various South American countries. He even brought to mind matters I had long since forgotten. By such uncanny methods, it was possible for him to produce "The American Commonwealth," largely as a result of conversations and interrogatories.

On other occasions, I had a chance to observe Bryce's remarkable power to stimulate thought in the young men who were so fortunate as to know him. I believe that Bryce more closely resembled Socrates than has any other modern. In the first place he was a profound thinker and philosopher, interested in all aspects of the human problem. In the second place, he had the same affectionate regard as Socrates for young men who, like himself, were engaged in seeking for the truth. In the third place he was fond of asking his young disciples scores of the most difficult questions regarding the future of races and nations and governments, questions which neither he nor they could possibly answer with assurance, but which stimulated their minds into exploring new realms of speculation. Finally he was, as Mr. Fisher says, "a man of the widest horizons. He had a planetary mind."

Of course he had one great advantage over Socrates; he had travelled in nearly every part of the globe. "It would perhaps be no exaggeration to surmise that in his knowledge of this planet and its inhabitants, he stands first, so far, among the descendants of Adam."

* * *

Mr. Fisher himself feels that he has laid "the main stress of the biography" upon Bryce's connections with the United States. Nevertheless, Bryce's American friends will be far from satisfied with the very meager accounts of those American journeys which gave him the material which he used in writing "The American Commonwealth." It is true that a majority of the letters selected for publication in these volumes are chosen from his correspondence with President Eliot, President Lowell, James Ford Rhodes, and Theodore Roosevelt.

They give one a longing for more. Few if any men of modern times have had a long continued correspondence with a more distinguished group of the leaders of thought in America. To those just mentioned could be added the names of Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, President Hadley, Moorfield Storey, Seth Low, Bayard Henry, Henry Holt, and many others. It goes without saying that with letters to these correspondents and to his English and Irish friends who similarly included many of the leaders of political and educational thought during more than half a century, a wealth of material still awaits publication.

It was no easy task which the author faced. Here was a superman who had lived through three marvelous generations and who was a vital part of each. "Though he lived to be an octogenarian he never gave the impression of old age. His eye was clear and flashing, his tread light, his bearing remarkably active." The eagerness and rushing activity of youth were with Bryce to the end of his extraordinarily versatile life. He was no mean geologist; no ordinary botanist; a renowned historian; a first class lawyer; a professional politician, in the best sense of the word, for nearly a generation; a member of Parliament for a similar period; a professor in the University of Oxford; an expert mountain climber; an inveterate traveler; and a skilful diplomat. The complexity of the problem can be the better appreciated when one remembers that Bryce "had probably in the course of his long and strenuous life seen more places, known more knowledgable people, studied more sciences and read more instructive printed matter than anybody in the modern world."

It can readily be understood that in the brief space of two small volumes it would be impossible for any author to do more than touch lightly upon many of the more interesting episodes in such an extraordinary career as Bryce's. Fortunately, they are, at least, adequately catalogued in the excellent "Chronological Table" at the end of Volume II.

The Warden of New College, noted historian as he is, has prepared his text with careful accuracy and illuminated it with his broad knowledge of the times. The style is clear and direct. The treatment is more formal than one might have wished. It is more the method of the historian than of the biographer. It leaves something to be desired. There is still an opportunity for a great biographer, like the late lamented William Roscoe Thayer, to give us an adequate picture of one of the most extraordinarily versatile and learned men of modern times. It needs someone like Gamaliel Bradford, who is accustomed to grasping that illusive thing, the "soul" of his hero, and able to give it the flesh and blood of vivid biography, that the departed hero may live again for our delight and edification.

No lover of Bryce can be satisfied with these two volumes. There is need for two more, of Bryce's intimate letters, put together as Burton Hendrick did those of Walter Page. Mr. Fisher has tried to give us "a portrait of the man rather than a full catalogue of the events and transactions with which he was concerned," but as a conservative and critical historian, he has been too restrained, too fearful of revealing the human side, too mindful of British prejudices regarding the seclusion of a private life.

The form is the form of biography, but the voice is the voice of history. It is natural that it should be so. The author's chief interest is in modern English history. The American biographical method of giving those little intimate glimpses of home life, those characteristic stories of purely personal events, which do more than anything else to bring the reader close to a full and affectionate appreciation of the subject of a biography, is not Mr. Fisher's method. Possibly it is distasteful to him. Perhaps it would be to many of his countrymen who are unable to understand how we, in America, can be content to live in houses whose lawns are open to all the world instead of being shut in behind high walls and thick hedges. At all events, it is most sincerely to be hoped that Lady Bryce can be persuaded some day to write her own reminiscences. In those pages her distinguished husband would live again. Some of the most attractive passages in the volumes now before us are from her pen.

Russia's Responsibility

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. New York: British Library of Information. 1927.

Reviewed by Michael Florinsky
Columbia University

THE publication of the eagerly awaited "British Documents on the Origins of the War" will prove, we fear, somewhat of a disappointment to those who still cherish the theory of sinister diplomatic plots and villainous conspiracies on the part of allied statesmen and foreign offices. The explanation of the lack of striking revelations is exceedingly simple. It is lucidly formulated by Mr. Headlam-Morley in his introduction:

> The view held by Sir Edward Grey and those who were working with him in the Foreign Office was that through the critical days of the end of July and the beginning of August they had done everything in their power to avert the outbreak of the War; they believed that this had also been the desire of their Allies—France and Russia; there was, therefore, nothing to hide.

This is why all the most important British papers have already appeared in the Blue Book issued by the British Foreign Office in August, 1914. If, however, there is nothing sensational about the documents submitted now to the public, they are nevertheless of the greatest historical value in elucidating a number of most important points in the controversy which culminated in the outbreak of the European War.

With regard to Russia's responsibility for the immediate causes of the War, the British Documents emphasize once more the straightforward and conciliatory attitude of Sazonov in his struggle to avert the outbreak of the War at any price compatible with the sovereignty of Servia.

Nothing characterizes better the general spirit of Sazonov's foreign policy than the following letter written on July 9, 1914, by Sir G. Buchanan to Sir A. Nicolson:

> Sazonov is always reproaching me with the inveterate suspicion with which Russia is regarded in India and in certain circles in England. He is apparently ready to do almost anything to allay it, and seems even to have suggested to the Emperor that Russia should guarantee India against attack.

Sazonov proposed that "a formula might be found under which we might mutually guarantee the inviolabiliy of each other's Asiatic possessions."

He immediately acquiesced to Sir G. Buchanan's suggestion that Japan should be made a party to the agreement. "I do not know," adds Sir G. Buchanan, "whether he is seriously thinking of putting such a proposal officially." On July 19, however, Sir G. Buchanan telegraphed to Sir E. Grey as follows:

> Minister of Foreign Affairs (Sazonov) said he spoke in all seriousness. While the two Governments had confidence in each other's good intentions, public opinion in England regards Russia with suspicion and he had made this suggestion with the object of allaying that suspicion once and for all. He would accept almost any formula that would in our opinion achieve this result.

The outbreak of the war did not allow this plan to materialize.

One already knows how little it was suspected in St. Petersburg that the Sarajevo murder would develop into a European conflict.

> Now that the first feeling of horror evoked by the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and His Consort has passed away (wrote the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg to Sir A. Nicolson on July 9) the general impression would seem to be one of relief that so dangerous a personality should have been removed from the succession to the throne.

It was not until July 22 that the real intentions of Austria became known in St. Petersburg. Sazonov immediately instructed the Russian Ambassador in Vienna to consult with his French and British colleagues with the view of giving Austria friendly councils of moderation. Undoubtedly, by some oversight, "German" was substituted for "British" in Sir G. Buchanan's telegram to London. Sir E. Grey, who wanted to avoid any entanglement in the Balkan affairs, made the following minute of this telegram: "I fear 'German' must be a mistake for 'British,' but wait till tomorrow."

An interesting light on the conciliatory spirit of Sazonov is thrown by the disclosure of the fact that Count Benkendorff was opposed to the mediation of four Powers between Vienna and St. Petersburg proposed by Sir E. Grey. It is already well known that this suggestion was immediately accepted by the Russian Foreign Minister. Sir G. Buchanan, writing privately to Sir E. Grey on July 26, remarks that—

> if European peace is being endangered it is not Russia, but Austria who is at fault. Russia has done her very best to induce Serbia to accept all Austria's demands which do not conflict with her status as an independent state or with her existing laws.

Among the most interesting features of the British Documents are the minutes made on the papers by the Secretary of State and the higher officials. As Mr. Headlam-Morley points out "they were written on the spur of the moment with full confidence that they would under no circumstances be published, at any rate until very many years had lapsed." Some of them deal with Russia and the Russian mobilization. It would be impossible to attempt here a survey of the interesting problem of Russian mobilization which may be presented to American readers in a not distant future. The British Documents contain no direct information on the matter, but they disclose the attitude of London towards this all-important problem. With remark-

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able insight Sir Eyre Crowe made the following minute on Sir G. Buchanan's telegram of July 27:

I am afraid that the real difficulty to overcome will be found in the question of mobilization. Austria is already mobilizing. This, if the war does come, is a serious menace to Russia who cannot be expected to delay her own mobilization, which, as it is, can only become effective in something double the time required by Austria and Germany. If Russia mobilizes, we have been warned Germany will do the same; as German mobilization is directed almost entirely against France, the latter cannot possibly delay her own mobilization even for the fraction of a day. From Sir M. de Bunsen's telegram No. 109 just come in, it seems certain that Austria is going to war, because that was from the beginning her intention. If that view proves correct it would be neither possible nor just and wise to make any move to restrain Russia from mobilizing.

Sir A. Nicolson, commenting the same day of the German proposal that France should urge moderation in St. Petersburg, made the following minute:

The German attitude is, to my mind, an untenable one if Germany really as she so profusely professes, desires peace. She declines to take or evades taking any action in Vienna—and one would imagine that Russia was the aggressive and provocative party and was to be restrained while Austria dealt with Serbia.

Sazonov's policy, in the opinion of Downing Street, is not free from blame, but the criticism comes from a very different angle.

This is confusing (reads Sir A. Nicolson's minute on No. 179). In three consecutive days M. Sazonov has made one suggestion and two proposals all differing from each other. (1) The suggestion.—If Serbia were to appeal to the Powers, Russia would stand aside and leave the question in hands of England, France, Italy, and Germany (July 25). (2) July 26.—Proposal to Austrian Ambassador that England and Italy should collaborate with Austria with the view of putting an end to the tension. (3) July 27.—Proposal that Russia will converse directly with Vienna. One really does not know where one is with M. Sazonov and I told Count Benkendorff so this afternoon.

How different from the attitude of Austria and Germany!

I quite understand Russia not being able to permit Austria to crush Serbia (wrote Sir A. Nicolson to Sir G. Buchanan on July 26). I think that the talk about localizing the war merely means that all powers are to hold the ring while Austria quietly strangles Serbia.

There have certainly been no indications that Germany has exercised any moderating influence in Vienna (remarks Sir A. Nicolson on July 29). It is going rather far in putting responsibility on Russia who has been willing to adopt any and every course likely to lead to peace. I suppose Germany wishes Russia to join the other powers in keeping the ring while Austria strangles Serbia.

Commenting on the Russian mobilization Sir A. Nicolson wrote on July 31:

Russia is taking very reasonable and sensible precautions, which should in no wise be interpreted as provocative. Germany, of course, who has been steadily preparing now wishes to throw the blame on Russia—a very thin pretext. However, comments are superfluous.

The excerpts given above which it would be easy to multiply seem to indicate that the policy of the Russian Government during the world crisis met with the approval and support of Downing Street long before Great Britain decided to intervene in the struggle. If the unfounded accusations brought against Sazonov by a section of the German press and a few American sympathizers need a new refutation, it will be found in the British Documents.

The volume is admirably edited and documents are provided with scholarly comments which are of the greatest value to the student. One may, perhaps, express regret that the editors did not make a more extensive use of the Diary of the Russian Foreign Office (published in English in 1925 by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, London, under the unfortunate title "How the War Began"). This most important publication does not appear in the list of books referred to on p. 14, and is only casually mentioned in a note on p. 193.

God, Adam and the past, present, and future of mankind were protagonists in a masterly drama by the Czech playwrights, Karel and Joseph Capek, which was recently presented in Prague.

Like "R. U. R.," by the Capek brothers some years ago, "Adam the Creator" is predicted to be a world success and is regarded as one of the most important contributions to the European theatre this year.

Adam, after annihilating the world through negation, is commanded by God to make a new world and builds one according to his own ideas. His world, however, turns Communist and repudiates him, its creator, who remains an individualist.

The powerful allegory kept the audience at a tension. Managers were there from numerous European theatres interested in obtaining the play for other countries.

Qwertyuiop

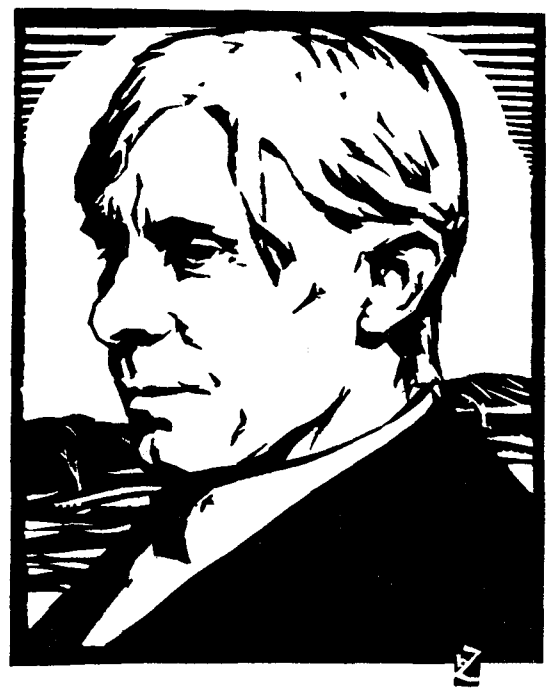
A Shirtsleeves History

IV. Enter Armageddon

A SAN FRANCISCAN who had been taken to the New England of his forefathers at the age of ten, and, somewhat later had sandwiched being a millhand between several months at Dartmouth College and several years at Harvard University in 1912 left off unprofitable farming in Derry, New Hampshire, sold his acres, and departed with wife and four children for England. He lived there for three years.

It was there that his first volume of poems was published. The man was Robert Frost, the book was "A Boy's Will." Today it is a toss-up whether Frost or Edwin Arlington Robinson may be reckoned our greatest native American poet.

In 1914 Frost published "North of Boston," but his work was scarcely familiar to Americans as yet. "The Spoon River Anthology," another event in American poetry, did not come until 1915, though, prior to that I recall an incident at the Players' Club, when Vachel Lindsay and Witter Bynner discussed the astonishing productions of one "Webster Ford" then appearing in the St. Louis *Mirror* published by the late William Marion Reedy, burly and courageous friend of all that was young and vital in American letters. "Webster Ford" was, of course, Masters's pseudonym. The productions were the first of the Spoon River epitaphs, which appeared from week to week as Masters turned them in, encouraged by Reedy.



CARL SANDBURG

In the same year Robinson turned from poetry to a play, "Van Zorn." His "Captain Craig" had surprised the eclectic several years before. "Les Imagistes" appeared, sponsored by Amy Lowell, and Miss Lowell's own first remarkable book of poems, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed." Louis Untermeyer's "Challenge" (which went into its fifth edition in 1920) was of note, and Arthur Davison Ficke's "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." Carl Sandburg won the Helen Haire Levinson prize awarded by Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, though his "Chicago Poems" were not put between covers until the following year. A young man named Conrad Aiken published the poetic narratives of "Earth Triumphant." Alfred Kreymborg founded and edited *The Glebe* and was to follow this later with his "Mushrooms, a Book of Free Forms." Meanwhile he put forth a forgotten novel, "Erna Vitek," and *The Glebe* issued the first anthology of free verse. James Oppenheim, in "Songs of the New Age," broke other fresh ground in liberated rhythms. John Hall Wheelock had already three lyrical volumes behind him. Sara Teasdale had written her "Sonnets to Duse" and her "Helen of Troy." Lizette Woodworth Reese and Louise Imogen Guiney were two of our veteran women poets, and Josephine Preston Peabody and Anna Hempstead Branch notable.

As the shadow of Armageddon rose imperceptibly over Europe, the poetry of America, as I have recorded, experienced a new flowering. As to literature in general, Howells was still our dean of American letters, but his only contribution to the year was a fantasy of Stratford-on-Avon, to be followed by his reminiscences, "Years of My Youth," two years later. In the old guard may be mentioned among the men, Judge Robert Grant, whose "Unleavened Bread" was a success at the beginning of the century. Henry Van Dyke, James Lane Allen, Bacheller, Garland, Crothers the charming essayist, George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page (one of the two Pages that Wilson made ambassadors, the other being Walter Hines Page, late head of the large publishing firm—and naturally many references were made at the time to our "literary diplomacy," with the obvious puns), Brownell among the critics, Woodberry, Paul Elmer More of the *Nation*, Bliss Perry, and Santayana. Among the women the great grand-niece of Benjamin Franklin (namely, Gertrude Atherton), Kate Douglas Wiggin, Alice Brown, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Margaret Deland, Agnes Repplier, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Edith Wharton were notable names, as well as Mary Johnston, Mary Austin, Mary S. Watts, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick. A first book of short stories by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, "Vain Oblations," and a first novel by the till-then-unknown Joseph Hergesheimer interested the astute.

Then there was a young man named Van Wyck Brooks who had already given us "The Wine of the Puritans" and "The Malady of the Ideal" and now diffidently tendered a biographical study of John Addington Symonds. He was yet to appraise "America's Coming of Age." Mencken had long been the Buddha of the *Smart Set*. He had published his "Nietzsche," "Men vs. the Man," and "The Artist" and had now collaborated with George Jean Nathan and Willard Huntington Wright in "Europe after 8:15." He was a force in criticism, an inspiriting editor, but wielded nothing like the power he does today. James Huneker was a veteran. Santayana had left his Professorship at Harvard. William Lyon Phelps of Yale had been writing popularly of the Russian novelists. Carl Van Doren was an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Illinois, where Stuart P. Sherman was then Professor. Joseph Wood Krutch, one of our leading critics today, had not yet received his B. A. at the University of Tennessee.

* * *

Three firmly established reputations today, among our women writers are those of Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and Zona Gale. The first-named had published "O Pioneers" in 1913, and her poems and stories in the old *McClure's*, of which she was Assistant Editor, had been gathered together in "April Twilights" and "The Troll Garden." But as yet her work may fairly be said to have been caviar to the general. Mrs. Fisher's "Hillsboro People" was to come in 1915. She had merely given us "The Squirrel Cage." Zona Gale's "Neighborhood Stories" were out, and I recall her rather sentimental "Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre." Toward the end of the War she was to display the real power that was in her pen with a fine novel "Birth" that never received the recognition it deserved; but it was not until 1920 that her "Miss Lulu Bett" captured the country.

O'Neill's one-act plays were published in 1914 but Susan Glaspell was to wait for her fame as a playwright for England's acclaim some twelve years later. She had published two novels and a volume of short stories and was to marry George Cram Cook who initiated the Provincetown Players in 1915. "Suppressed Desires," a skit by Miss Glaspell, inspired by the machinations of Sigmund Freud, was produced that year. It took off the current cult of psychoanalysis in a very amusing fashion.

Such an incomplete resumé seems necessary. For we approach a period when, from the first glaring headlines in that dramatic August, the attention of the country was to be turned more and more toward international disaster. Strangely enough 1914 was the year in which Robert Bridges, the new English laureate, enrolled Thomas Hardy (who had just married Miss Dugdale), the editors of the Oxford English Dictionary, and sundry Oxford professors in "A Society of Scholars for the Encouragement of the Use of Pure English." The incidents at Zabern, in direct contrast to such academic detachment, made America suddenly aware of a militarist Germany. The Reichstag, to be sure, polled an overwhelming vote of lack of confidence in the German government as a result,

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Lieutenant von Foerstner went to jail for exercising a "saber dictatorship" over Alsatian civilians, and the 99th Infantry was ordered out of Zabern. But nevertheless, this straw indicated the direction of the wind. Meanwhile, in our own country, Mr. Henry Ford announced that ten million dollars would be divided among his employees as representing one-half of his company's profits for the current year. The copper war in Michigan and the Colorado coal strike were in direct contrast to this.

Wilson's anti-trust, tariff, and currency legislation were much talked of. John Bunny was still a god of the Movies, even to remote Russian villages which announced "No programme is complete without our dear Pockson"—his continental sobriquet. Interlocking directorates were much decried. Henry Sydnor Harrison, Sir Gilbert Parker, John Fox, Jr., Winston Churchill, Amélie Rives, and Jeffery Farnol were best-sellers. Rabindranath Tagore won the Nobel Prize, having been "discovered" by William Rothenstein, the English artist. Chesterton had written his play, "Magic," and Wells his novel, "The Passionate Friends." Pégoud flew upside down and looped the loop in France while Stephen Phillips, the once-famous English poet, was declaiming in his literary decline,

> The ancient silence hath but stirred
> To solemn thunder and sweet bird.
> There must the aeroplane be heard?
> Leave us the air!

And how soon the grappling of airy navies was to follow! European disaster drew swiftly nearer. Yet even after the issue was joined, England in, and the Great War a sudden and catastrophic fact, our then chief literary organs, the *Bookman* (published at that time by Dodd, Mead) and the *New York Times Book Review* continued upon their desultory way undaunted. Little seemed to disturb their browsing quiet. Of course the average American needed some time to grasp the significance of what was really happening. The newspapers blared, but the general attitude was still of detachment. As for the artist, he hardly felt the impact at all as yet. The economic struggle is hard enough upon the artist in times of peace. Daily warfare that does not involve the fate of nations but does distinctly involve his bread-and-butter existence he has constantly with him. That continued. The business régime of the country continued to regard the artist as parasitic. The artist retorted with the quiet determination to do as he damn-well-pleased. Lifting his eyes to the battle-smoke over Europe he argued it none of his doing, none of his affair. So Armageddon began for us. Far more strenuous and bitter times were to follow.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Everyday People

THE MARRIAGE BED. By ERNEST PASCAL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE recent flurry of municipal morality in Boston has recommended one very readable book by placing "The Marriage Bed" on its Index Librorum Prohibitorum. It is fortunate that these committees of citizenry are above suspicion or the banning of books might become an advertising medium of no small proportions. For vice, unlike virtue, is not its own reward,—vice, that is, between the covers of a book at two dollars the portion, with the guarantee of the Watch and Ward Society of Massachusetts. This will to censorship does a little good and a little harm in its sporadic eruptions. It calls to the attention of a large class of book-buyers volumes that otherwise would have been limited in their sales to a very small circle of appreciative readers, but it also brings into the financial limelight many worthless novels which might better have been allowed to die of inanition. "The Marriage Bed," however, falls into neither of these classes. Whatever appeal it has is for the many rather than the few, and it is quite capable of standing on its own legs—or title—in the matter of sales. Yet it is far from being bad enough to cause any disquietude over this latest publicity.

Mr. Pascal is fully justified in the use of his striking title, since it symbolizes "his attitude toward marriage in this novel of everyday people who through the circumstances created out of their various loves and passions are forced to undergo the torment of new experiences,"—or so, at any rate, says the rather wordy jacket. But it would be useless to pretend that the action of "The Marriage Bed" is limited to couches so sanctified. The actual bed of the story is practically deserted during the course of the narrative and appears only at its three thousand five hundred and something-th morning making in the opening pages. Mr. Pascal has reversed the currently popular method of viewing a single situation from as many angles as possible, and has in this research into the modern matrimonial welter introduced several marriages to be viewed from one objective point of vantage. The form of "The Marriage Bed" is also worthy of note. Treating as he does of a large number of characters in situations which in their most crucial moments do not overlap, the author is forced to use the pick-up and lay-down method. Nothing is more irritating than this technique in the hands of a novice, but Mr. Pascal has used it to such advantage that instead of detracting from it adds considerably to the interest of his tale. The naming of the sections and the chapters smoothes the path from group to group and makes a virtue of necessity.

The plot is much too complex for synopsis. Three marriages and their collateral relationships hold the center of the stage, with a few other shadowy marital unions hovering in the wings. The three husbands in the principal sextette are the erring ones. It is not the going of these husbands but the manner of their going that occupies the novel.

Mr. Pascal has little that is new to offer on the marriage question but he is sincere enough, aside from a few lightning changes in characterization to help the plot over lumpy places, in presenting his thesis, which seems to be that wherever one finds the husband-wife-and-an-extra there can be no *a priori* grounds for condemnation. Any of the three may be right, and any may be wrong. In fact, it suggests the hoary axiom that "circumstances alter cases." Needless to say, no one will ever leave his home, or return to it, owing to anything in the pages of "The Marriage Bed."

A Blithe Tragedy

RHAPSODY. A DREAM NOVEL. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Translated by Otto P. Schinnerer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

VIENNA has two world-famous physicians and writers of fiction, Dr. Siegmund Freud and Dr. Arthur Schnitzler. The one has introduced fiction into medicine, the other medicine into fiction. Of the two, Dr. Schnitzler probably keeps closer to reality. But much of his work reads as if it were written as a text for Freudian scholia. This is nothing against it. Rather the contrary. Everybody is doing it nowadays but he does it supremely well. "Traumnovelle" is a study of subconscious desires and fears. Dr. Fridolin, happily married, is vaguely haunted by a sense of neglected opportunities outside the home. On a night when this sense is particularly keen he is drawn by fate into a series of fantastic adventures, each of which remains disturbingly unfulfilled. On his return home he learns that his wife in her dreams has fared forth into an erotic world even wilder than anything he had encountered. To be revenged, he decides to complete the unfinished episodes of the night before. In every case he fails, because his sub-conscious inhibitions and fears are even stronger than his desires. He confesses to his wife as she had to him. Then he asks what they shall do now.

> She smiled, and after a minute replied: "I think we ought to be grateful that we have come unharmed out of all our adventures, whether they were real or only a dream."
> "Are you quite sure of that?" he asked.

One feels that Dr. Schnitzler, also, is far from sure that his patients are cured. The wife's dream revealed, besides its romantic urge for the unattainable, a deep-lying feminine jealousy of her husband's actual attainments, while his adventures equally revealed his inability ever to realize his personality without frustration. Thus the little story is a tragedy, if you will, but it is the blithe tragedy of a delightful puppet show. Dreams and reality mingle; the figures are as if on a tapestry which might any moment be withdrawn showing an entirely different set of actors. Or rather, the whole thing is like a set of Chinese boxes. The characters have dual personalities, they observe their own actions as those of an outsider, and behind them sits Schnitzler, another observer, and behind that Schnitzler sits another Schnitzler, and so on. Thus in this short story we have a glimpse of infinity, an infinity of dissolving mirages. In the last analysis, the twentieth century psychologist disappears in the charming writer of Viennese Arabian Nights.

A Fine Novel

LOVE IS ENOUGH. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

MR. Brett Young's three-decker (disguised as a two-decker by his publishers) takes the waves proudly and will surely carry his name safely through the storms of contemporary literature, "to where beyond these voices there is peace." With an obviously reasoned disregard for the momentarily fashionable ways and means of writing fiction he offers a profoundly satisfying and beautiful novel, one which might incidentally be read by a historian as a courageous manifesto against the literary manners and methods of the modern neo-realists. For "Love is Enough" is realistic in a fuller and fairer sense than the word has recently been employed to suggest. Mr. Young has pursued a narrative method so ordered and direct in its classical simplicity that no novelist who failed to cope with its severe demands could hope to please even a stupid reader. It permits him no irrelevancies, no dark hints or saving shrugs, no loose threads or patches in the story. From first to last he makes no use of those hand-to-mouth devices whereby so many of our impressionistic novelists have baffled their own purposes. His art compels every word, every detail to pull some inevitable but never disproportionate weight in the tale. Indeed its economy in this respect is so phenomenal as to distinguish Mr. Young among the dozen living Englishmen whose novels are works of art as well as of craft. For, properly understood, this virtue is the crown of all that a good novelist can command. It implies unusual powers of description, characterization, narration, and construction.

Physically "Love is Enough" is one of the greatest novels of recent years. But its spiritual dimensions are no less ample. One of that small and patient band of English authors who, because they have sustained the essential traditions of their art during the post-war literary chaos, have never attracted all the American attention which is their due, Mr. Brett Young cherishes and is therefore cherished by an unimpeachable sense of human values. Though never for a moment flaunted in the reader's face this sense is implicit throughout all his fourteen novels, but never so potently as in "Love is Enough." It is a book with a purpose, or, if you will, a "moral," already sufficiently stated in the title. But the author never compromises his artistic integrity by so much as a word throughout his nine hundred pages; that moral is never permitted to obtrude at the expense of the story although it is the *raison d'être* of the story. Without any hint of dogma or superstition he achieves a view of life that does not obscure or deny the existence of some divinity that shapes our ends.

In common with his greatest predecessors in the humanistic tradition Mr. Young represents a world utterly unlike the shambles that has stunk to Heaven in so much recent fiction. In short, "Love is Enough," though imaginatively true to its immediate sources in the past forty years is of more than momentary significance. It approaches a perennial situation by means of a sharply individualized and localized instance, appealing simultaneously on different planes of literary interest to various types of reader. To those who, in Mr. G. K. Chesterson's phrase, merely want to read a book he offers a flawless and fascinating study of English characters during three generations and two wars. His carefully wrought story cannot and need not be outlined here: it is sufficient to insist that it exists not as an excuse for his book, but as its object. To the more intelligent minority who want a book to read he offers something more—an implicit philosophy of life. Like Mr. Galsworthy and some other contemporary English novelists, Mr. Young has attempted to bridge the dangerous gulf that divides the later Victorian from the Great War generation of England. Although its engineering is better than most the actual bridge is not of primary importance; for unlike most of his near rivals Mr. Young has not written an episodic or sociological novel. He has none of Mr. Galsworthy's pseudo-Marxian consci-

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cusness, for instance. Only incidentally can he be called a fictioneer of the times. Those of his chapters which deal with England during the War are sustained less by their fidelity to historical fact (though that is impeccable) than by that essential incidence in the story. Although "Love is Enough" is substantially a fictitious biography Mr. Young never slips into the manner of the chronicling biographer. His method has nothing at all in common with that of Mr. Wells, or (saving perhaps "The Old Wives' Tale") Mr. Bennett. He has none of Mr. Galsworthy's unwariness.

Everything, in fact, centres objectively and exclusively on his characters, chiefly on his heroine, Clare, whose peer is not to be found in recent fiction. Hers is not the only full length portrait in the book. Even better, if less fortuitously attractive, is Aunt Cathie whose life's protracted tragedy enables Mr. Young to surpass himself and all save two or three novelists living or dead. In the delineation of this defeated old maid he achieves a tenderness that defies comment or criticism. The mere reviewer can but indicate it and pass on.

One of the most notable qualities of this novel is its author's prose. Recent criticism appears increasingly to demand less and less of the novelists in this respect. Mr. Young's more obvious powers are already beyond reasonable dispute. They can certainly be left to speak for themselves. But he has yet to be acknowledged as one of the most finished stylists now writing in English. Because really fine prose has no ostentatious qualities the authors who command it are apt, at first, to be praised for the subsidiary virtues that go to its making. Mr. Young's prose is the result, not the cause of the powers discussed above. It attempts no starry flights in "Love is Enough." But its clarity and force are positively exceptional. It has depth without foam, speed but no haste, and not a page but reminds us that the author alone among the leading English novelists of today is also a poet with a reputation independent of his achievements in prose.

"Love is Enough" is a difficult book to review because of its almost perfect technique. In the nature of things it must have weaknesses and these, almost certainly, belong to the material and not to the treatment. The present reviewer, anxious to avoid the appearance as well as the reality of over-praise is bound to confess that he failed to find a fault worth mentioning. Thus it would be sheer cowardice not to pronounce the book exceptional. Let the reader judge for himself.

Woman's Place

THE ISLANDERS. By HELEN HULL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE CORNELIUS

AN aggrieved knitting of the author's brows at the horrid spectacle of woman's domination by man has hitherto prevented the workmanlike and vital novels of Helen Hull from the attainment of literary excellence. So beautifully, however, does her fourth novel, "Islanders," move with the deep, strong rhythm of life that it cannot be called propaganda. Its central truth, woman's dependence on man, is implicit in the living out of people's lives, and her feminist indignation is not the real occasion for the novel.

"Islanders" exists in and for the chief "islander," Ellen Dacey. It is Ellen herself, not Miss Hull, who shows resentment against man's domination of woman, which proceeds from actual conflicts with masculine individuals rather than from flaunted attempts to put social ideas into practicable use. The resentment is, in truth, forced on Ellen, first by the simultaneous "riding away" of lover, father, and brother to the adventurous lure of California gold in '49, and eighteen years later is made more bitter by the return of her father and his spiteful selling of the farm on which, in his absence, she has worked away the softness of youth. Since there was no economic independence for women in Civil War days, Ellen is forced to "earn her keep" in the household of her pompous brother Thurston. When she is fifty she must still further bend her head to the masculine yoke by yielding to this brother's thieving of the little fortune left by her lover Matthew. When Thurston is ruined financially Ellen must be uprooted and transplanted to the Long Island home of her nephew Robby. Out of the wreck of her own bullied life, Ellen determines staunchly to give independent fulness to Robby's daughter, Anne.

The last third of the book, devoted to the development of Anne Dacey, loses much of its warm glow, for the theme, which, to this point has illuminated and unified but not controlled the narrative, becomes didactic, and Annie is made into the Modern Young Girl. It is unfortunate that Anne, who is the ultimate meaning of Ellen's life, should be the one person in the entire book not to be sharply individualized especially since Ellen herself exists to the end with a vivid pitifulness.

The personality in every minor character, male or female, the broad sweep of years, the picture of pioneer days, give the first two-thirds of "Islanders" much of the epic quality of "My Ántonia." Indeed Ellen Dacey, courageous and human, is a member of that undaunted company which includes Willa Cather's Antonia and Alexandra, Zona Gale's Lulu Bett and Ellen Bascomb. Miss Hull shares the sensitiveness of these authors to rightness of detail, their unpatronizing view of the scene, and their subjective clarity of vision. All of which is not to accuse the author of this fine book of imitation, but of absorbing of the peculiar excellences of these women writers.

"Islanders" is a splendidly vital novel. It has the rich beauty, the sturdy honesty, the lovely vigor of Ellen Dacey herself. In its implications it is the story not only of one woman's life far from the currents of the world's activities but the history of an era. For the lean years of Ellen are representative of the lean years of woman from the time when men "slashed across the profound meaning of their existence" by adventuring alone, to the day when women demanded a shoulder to shoulder place in their male relatives' lives. Not as social history, however, not as a background for this day's feminine unrest, but as the spirited chronicle of a brave and lonely woman's life, "Islanders" is most remarkable.

Will and Fate in Sweden

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. By HILDUR DIXELIUS. Translated from the Swedish by ANNA C. SETTERGREN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE S. MORRIS

THE title of "The Minister's Daughter" suggests to an English-speaking reader a quiet rectory and a story of lace and lavender, but nothing could be further from the history of Sara Alelia Unaeus. This minister's daughter, orphaned, widowed, and the mother of an illegitimate child by the time she was twenty-two, fought out an heroic destiny in the wilds of northern Sweden. Then she settled on uncultivated land, and with one servant and a firm faith in God, reared her child and turned wilderness into farmland. The episodes which make up her story are brief and sharp, like flashes of an axe on a winter's day. Scenes of starvation, courage, broken lives, black magic, and even an execution, which might easily have become melodramatic, are told in simple, direct sentences with the ring of epic ancestors in them.

The story is laid at the opening of the nineteenth century. At the age of eighteen, when her father was already dead and her mother dying, Sara Alelia was married off for protection to an invalid minister of sixty, a former friend of her father. The protection she got, as anyone might have foreseen, was scanty. In three years the invalid husband died, leaving her with child by a handsome young student who had passed a vacation in their neighborhood. Sara Alelia made the long journey south to civilization, where her lover was studying at the university and learned that his passion for her had ended when he had left her. She stayed in the south country until her son was born and then went back north to take up land and live as a pioneer. Disillusioned in love, she fell back on God, and ploughed her land much as Cromwell governed a state, with the strong faith that God was using her for His own purposes. But although she applied an iron severity to herself, the experience of her sin—as it seemed clearly to her it was—had given her a gentleness and understanding in dealing with others, even with a pagan servant girl who killed her baby, which was also illegitimate. This is plainly a character planned on heroic lines, but unfortunately it never takes on complete life. The reader is not admitted to the woman herself, where her will and her religious belief both originate. The nature of the "will" is not examined. Sara Alelia remains the ambitious conception of a character rather than its embodiment.

A more successful creative vitality has been poured into an opposite character: a brilliant and wrecked minister, whose early dreams of being a scholar had been broken by poverty, drink, and a warring personality. In his youth Norenius had obviously been a poet and almost a religious mystic. He was probably closer to divine knowledge than Sara Alelia, but poverty and a natural captiousness had condemned him to hold one insignificant post after another in bleak Lapland. His unsatisfied spirit had tried to stupefy itself with liquor; and with the increasing feeling of his own destruction his pride grew more and more tyrannical. His wife and daughter, on whom he lavished tender affection and cruel words, starved under his eyes. The brief chapter in which Norenius watches the emaciated figure of his little daughter die, and realizes with anguish that her death is the result of an act of drunken brutality on his part, caused by his ungovernable pride, is one of the most deeply moving of any recent novel. Desperate and still hopeful, he transfers his dream of scholarship to Sara Alelia's son, whom he tutors fantastically and madly during the periods when his restlessness does not send him roaming across the country on foot. His wife dies at her parents' home, where she has gone for support, and Norenius disappears at length, a drunken beggar, imagining that he is going out of Egypt to the stars. His life has been compounded equally of bitterness and ecstacy, but the two elements have never been reconciled. He has been destroyed by the absence of any will to give his ecstacy a solid foundation.

From the sympathetic but merciless account of his life it is clear that this lack of "will," which Sara Alelia deplored in him, was merely the inevitable compromise between many conflicting desires in his personality. Norenius embodied in dramatic form the plight of human beings. Sara Alelia herself, however, was also human and this same plight existed, at least potentially, in her. If the sources of her coherence of purpose, which made her seem to be exercising will, could have been as deeply apprehended as the source of Norenius's disunity, she would have become a less ambitious but a more living character. This in turn would have involved a skepticism as to the validity of any distinction, beyond a practical one, between strong wills and vacillating wills in our own lives. And the weakness at the center of the conception of Sara Alelia's character is precisely that the author did not exercise this skepticism, but accepted Sara Alelia's "will" as the latter accepted God, on faith. But perhaps it is unfair to hold an Aeschylean test over the head of a popular novel. It is a tribute to the author that she invites it.

Short Stories

FOUR O'CLOCK. By MARY BORDEN. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

JUST what should be demanded of a short story? Historians of literature and merchants to the trade can tell you quite definitely. Only their answers will not be the same. It may be said at once that Mary Borden's ten tales will meet the requirements both of Academe and Grub Street, but that whereas the former will acclaim them with enthusiasm, the latter will accept them with an air of self-conscious righteousness.

In other words, the central situation in each of these stories, although seized at the point of greatest tension, is essentially psychological rather than physical. The conflict, however dramatic, takes place in the minds of the protagonists. And the conflict in several instances is of a type that would never take place in the minds of Grub Street. Indeed even those who rejoice in following subtleties of conduct and reasoning will find a few of these tales a little too artfully contrived. For the most part, however, they deal with very real values, and there can be no doubt but that they deal with them effectively.

The technical perfection of the stories will surely delight all those who prize fine craftsmanship. The emphasis and lighting in each are unobtrusive but right, and they are all admirably spare and condensed. Their style, though unaffected and never "smart," is always finished, often beautiful. Moreover, whatever the subject—and Mrs. Borden is

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more versatile in her matter than in her manner—the characterizations are of the deftest. The author shows herself sister under the skin not only to her gentlewomen, novelists, and dwellers in Mayfair, but also to a wizened, pimply clerk on trial for the murder of his sweetheart and to Sadie, the moron maid-of-all-work who longed so romantically for the misbegotten child she had lost. In fact it is difficult to choose between such tales as "Four o'Clock," "A Meeting in Mayfair," "Tapestry Needlework," and "Beauty," "No Verdict," "An Accident on the Quai Voltaire." In any case, these six stories are the best in an excellent book—a book that is at once entertaining and artistically satisfying.

Two Sisters

FROM MAN TO MAN (or PERHAPS ONLY . . .). By OLIVE SCHREINER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY WELLINGTON

"FROM Man to Man" tells in part the life story of two sisters. One of the sisters, physically beautiful, loving, and generous, but weak of intellect and weaker of will, stumbles ignorantly into the ways of a prostitute. "There was a dull, obstinate resolution in it [Baby-Bertie's face]," wrote Olive Schreiner, "the only form of strength her face ever wore." It is this "dull, obstinate resolution" in taking wrong turns, aided by pious mischief-making and the greed and cruelty of a Jew, that pushes Baby-Bertie along the road which leads from happy and industrious motherhood on an African farm to a brothel in Soho.

The older sister, Rebekah, intellectual and an idealist, as ignorantly marries a prostitute. For with Olive Schreiner, one must remember, there was no sex distinction in prostitution. He who bought was equally the prostitute with her who sold. Baby-Bertie dies early of syphilis. Rebekah, after hazards almost as great, severs her marriage tie and escapes, with her children, the extreme physical penalty. With all her intellect and nobility of purpose, the older sister is corrupted even as the younger. There is the spirit of a slave in her relation with her husband, a dogged devotion to that which she knows is depraved and dangerous. She does not possess enough mother love to protect her children. This attitude invites kicks, and her husband does not hesitate to administer them verbally. Rebekah even submits to the "half-curious, half-contemptuous," and wholly deserved, smile of the various other women with whom he lives, and finally to the insults of her colored maid. Nothing but the arrival of a yellowish-brown, frizzly-haired half-sister to her children, not long after the birth of her youngest son, rouses this Rebekah to the saving realization that it is "*our* degradation," and not her husband's alone.

All this seems a little antiquated today, particularly amongst thinking women; but it was true and tragic enough in the 1870's when Olive Schreiner began to write her novel. Prostitution was "the most agonizing central point" of all her thought concerning women. She knew prostitutes, not only knew them but loved them, just as she loved every inarticulate, half-extinguished thing on earth. There is no plumbing such tenderness. She brought to the study of Baby-Bertie the same divine comprehension that Charles-Louis Philippe bestowed upon his Berthe Méténier. "Bubu-de-Montparnasse" and "From Man to Man" are novels far apart, yet one thing more Philippe and Olive Schreiner had very remarkably in common. Their violent scorn was for the society which makes the Baby-Berties and the Berthe Météniers, and not for its victims. It was not Berthe, or even her bully Bubu, whom Philippe regarded as the "social evil," but poverty. It was not stupid, blundering Baby-Bertie whom Olive Schreiner found abominable, but the pious Mrs. Drummond, the proper Veronica (sensualists both), and Aunt Mary-Anna, the Aunt Mary-Annas of both sexes, who lived undisputed in the 1870's. "With a man it's different; he can live down anything—but the soap isn't invented that can wash a woman's character clean." So Aunt Mary-Anna, with her parrot cry; Don't tell me—don't tell me what I don't want to know! For such representatives of Victorian society, Olive Schreiner was an explosive of peculiar and annihilating power.

Only the prelude of this novel, begun when the author was about twenty, and which had to be put together after his death from versions long worked over is printed exactly as the author wrote it, so Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner informs us. Yet six of the thirteen long chapters had received Olive Schreiner's sanction to the extent of retyping in triplicate, and the seven remaining chapters do not reveal, at least to the present reader, any other considerable work than her own. The particularity, moreover, with which the editor has put in brackets his few insertions of missing words, corrections of grammar, and explanatory footnotes, indicates but a slight alteration of the manuscript. But no amount of editing can lessen the essential greatness of Olive Schreiner as a thinker and an artist, or destroy the effectiveness of a novel, which in beauty of unfolding thought, in depth and brilliancy of description, surpasses occasionally "The Story of an African Farm."

In the Dickens Tradition

CRAVEN HOUSE. By PATRICK HAMILTON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THE wise book-reviewer keeps his superlatives for the day when he meets such a novel as "Craven House," and he avoids saying that so-and-so joins the most eminent novelists now practicing in English until he encounters such abilities as those of Mr. Patrick Hamilton. But then the lid blows off his reticence, caution is tossed out of the window, and the close-guarded superlatives are given free play. And so I say that this novel is the most delightful that I have read in many, many months, that in its wise contemplation of the human scene, in its strong individuality it is a novel to read and reread, familiarity bringing constantly greater joy. It is a novel that will stay with you happily when you have closed the book; you will share it with your friends, that they may understand your exhilaration. Mr. Hamilton has arrived with a surprising suddenness and a distracting definiteness, for although his first novel, "Monday Morning," was good, it by no means promised the mature brilliance of his second, "Craven House."

This Craven House was a respectable and only slightly dingy London dwelling, not far from Chiswick High Road, somewhere between Hammersmith and Kew. Miss Hatt was its mistress, presiding over the destinies of two servants, a parrot, and some half-dozen "paying guests." For the space of the novel we live with these poor searchers for a home, we see into their two-by-four minds, their cherished little habits. The very atmosphere of suspicious dignity that colors every interminable meal creeps like a London fog into our spirits as we read. I must not give you the impression that the account of these lives is sordid; nothing could be more of an injustice to the novel. The dominant characteristic is, rather, a sly wit and an unerring, yet somehow friendly satire. We note the essential absurdity of Mr. and Mrs. Spicer, of Mrs. Nixon, of Miss Hatt; we laugh, and still we know that at bottom all this is no laughing matter. As these casuals of the city move through their comedy to a farcial-tragical climax that sends them scattering forever, we see them, I believe, much as some benevolent yet slightly puzzled tribal God might see them, essentially impotent for all their squirmings, not worth very much to anyone—and all terribly sad. But this feeling is more in retrospect than as we read, for the surface of "Craven House" is as merry and winning as you could ask. The humors are the effervescence of a second-rate boarding house that, however dull and musty, is a microcosm of life and a comment upon the universe.

Mr. Hamilton has an astonishing genius for drawing characters that emerge from the book-world into actual existence. Although there is never exaggeration, there is occasionally the intelligent emphasis of a Beerbohm caricature. Most of these characters would be unpleasant to live with, but a few, say three or four, are spiritually amiable. Thus the balance of the real world is kept. These triumphs appear again and again throughout the novel, and major and minor figures alike are more real to us than many people we meet every day. Take Mr. Creevy, for instance, whose bleak existence in the office of the Xotopol Rum Company (Ltd.) uses up no more than a passing moment of Mr. Hamilton's time—

> . . . Mr. Creevy's general gestures in life [were] . . . thin and exact—Mr. Creevy being a great expert in all the more Lilliputian and dapper activities of life—an experienced and exquisite pencil-sharpener, a highly finished umbrella-roller, a brilliant apple-peeler, a scintillating fountain-pen-filler, a pince-nez polisher. Any blunders made by other persons in these or similar functions caused Mr. Creevy the sharpest spiritual agonies pending actual interference. An orderly and fearfully exact citizen was Mr. Creevy, too. A man who pulled all doors he was told to Pull, and pushed all doors he was told to Push, who went in by the Way In, and came out by the Way Out; who naturally went the longest way round, if it was the shortest way home; who Bewared of the Trains, or the Bull; who Did not Smoke, who Shopped Early, who Knocked and Rang; and *did* let you have a line from Ventnor on his holiday. . . .

You will not forget Mr. Creevy, even though he is probably the least important person of the novel.

"Craven House" is a vision of London boarding-house life, humorous, penetrating, and at bottom satirical. Of all the characters, only the servants and the young lovers are not made game of. The realism is intense, although it never assumes that the mirror to life can reflect only sordidness and sex, and the whole of life is portrayed. It is a novel that you will go to, time and time again, to find and reread some old, friendly passage. You will be reminded of Dickens, of the Wells of "Tono-Bungay" and "Mr. Polly," yet Mr. Hamilton creates for himself.

Russian Peasants

DECADENCE. By MAXIM GORKY. New York: Robert B. McBride & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THERE is a continuous and curious dulness in this book—dulness in the literal, objective sense, as opposed to sharpness. Blurred outlines, points that do not penetrate, pictures veiled in a sort of fog, as in a half-developed photographic plate. The strong, tired hands are trying to fashion something. They go fumbling on through endless pages of printed words, and that something never quite comes through. If one wanted to sentimentalize, one might say that there is a sort of sadness, too. But why sentimentalize, or where is the sadness in the fact that a work of art produced at one time in a man's life is not equal to the works of art produced at another time in that man's life? A man wins a hundred-yard dash in ten seconds flat, at nineteen. At seventy, he may not be able to run hundred-yard dashes at all, but what—except for the individual himself, looking back on his own youth—is there sad in that? He may still tramp clear across the continent on his own feet, like E. P. Weston!

Great works of art are like broken records, at least in this—they are something outside of life as ordinarily and normally lived, they spring from a variety of happy coincidences, inside and outside of the individual, which permit him to touch perfection for longer or shorter instants, and so to say, do better than his best. The gods were kind enough to give Maxim Gorky some of those instants. Is it fair to expect that, with the whole scheme of things in which they were vouchsafed, smashed to bits, in a foreign land, in another world altogether, he can pick up the thread where, a generation or so ago, he left it off? What sort of a violin solo, for example, would Kreisler play, clinging to a waterlogged spar somewhere in the Arctic?

Any of the Russians of the old Russia who are making novels or pictures or music today, must necessarily break through the crust of the present and bring up something from the subconscious past. Of course, that is true of any artist, working at any time. But "emotion reproduced in tranquility," as ordinarily understood, is one thing, and emotion salvaged and dragged, so to speak, across the barrier of an interval in which the artist became almost another sort of individual altogether, is quite another.

It may not seem quite fair to measure a contemporary artist's work against the known terms of his personal life, and yet in the case of the Russians, and in particular of Gorky, one can scarcely leave such considerations out of account. The Revolution was more of a shipwreck for him than for many. He was drawn into it so far as for a time to cease to be the artist, and to try to be an economist, sociologist, politician, and goodness knows what. Then, in the languid and disturbing air of Capri, he sought to refind himself, and to live back into the old and vanished Russian life again. In this blurred and turgid narrative of the rise and fall of three generations of a Russian peasant family, the reader can scarcely escape the consciousness of that struggle and its difficulty. If these Artamomovs do not "come through," in spite of flashes here and there of their reality, there are reasons enough.

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Eskimo Life

ACROSS ARCTIC AMERICA. Narrative of the Fifth Thule Expedition. By KNUD RASMUSSEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ISAIAH BOWMAN
Director, American Museum of Natural History

THE equipment which Dr. Rasmussen brings to the study of Eskimo life and culture is altogether extraordinary. Twenty-five years of experience have given him a store of original learning about Eskimos that is matched by that of no other living person. In addition he knows the language like a native. In this respect he is a unique figure in human history. Above all, he himself has a small percentage of Eskimo blood. When he was a small boy his greatest delight was in driving a dogsled, living on Eskimo fare, and listening with youthful poignancy and wonder to the traditions and folklore of a people he has made his own. No one else has looked so far into the depths of Eskimo character. No one else who has written on the life of the Eskimos has so faithfully caught the qualities that make them a distinctive people. What Rasmussen has to say of them comes out of the depths of his feeling no less than his experience. His clear and vivid sentences carry a sense of reality, of spiritual quality, over and above the meanings of the words that he employs. He writes as he speaks, in such a way as to invoke the living spirit of Eskimo personalities. The reader catches hold of the handle-bars of Rasmussen's sledge and with him races to the village that can be seen through a flurry of snow. He enters with him the constricted snowhouse, eats the native food, hears the stories, lives the life. This is more than study and research and specialization. It is the hall-mark of genius.

During three years of travel Rasmussen and the divisions of his expedition were able to visit practically every known Eskimo tribe from Greenland to Siberia. By more or less direct route the distance is five thousand miles and this was doubled by side expeditions, hunting trips, and the like. Over that long period he had but two Eskimo companions, Mitek (eider duck), a young man of twenty-two, and Arnarulunguaq (a little woman), a widow of twenty-eight. The party lived native fashion, sometimes sharing with the Eskimo families they visited, often hunting on their own account. Without accident or illness they made the longest Arctic traverse on record and gathered results of the most extraordinary popular interest and of the highest scientific importance.

Rasmussen and his companions were able to converse with all of the Eskimos they met, regardless of variations of speech from place to place. Through the language variations and the changes of culture from place to place Rasmussen has been able to piece together a connected account of the centers of origin and the direction of distribution of the Eskimos themselves. In the tribes of the Barren Grounds and especially in the Baker Lake region northwest of Hudson Bay are the most primitive groups of all. Here the Caribou Eskimo have maintained in isolated areas their Stone-Age culture. Here the Eskimos live under the greatest natural handicaps, revelling in abundance and suffering extremely from want even to actual starvation according as the caribou are available on their annual migrations northward and southward or are out of reach during the long winter. Rasmussen believes that in this region he has found the Tunit of Eskimo legend, who lived in stone houses and who were the ancestors of the people that ranged over the archipelago north of Canada and whose descendants peopled the coasts of Arctic America. One of his most interesting conclusions is that the coast culture, which depended upon marine animals, was a later development in Eskimo evolution, and that it spread westward in the first instance clear to Alaska before moving eastward again to find its farthest extension on the coasts of Greenland.

If Rasmussen could be persuaded to write a series of books in English giving the sum of his findings during the last quarter century of Eskimo study it would be not merely a great gain to scientific students; it would be appreciated by all readers who enjoy books of exploration that are written with deep feeling and a high degree of literary finish, and above all, that are permeated with immortal spiritual qualities that few men possess. In these respects Rasmussen may be compared with Hudson and it is a reasonable prophecy that his writings may in time achieve an equal fame.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

SONG FOR A TELESCOPE

UNDER the magic of your lenses
The suns exult, the systems sing,
And comets flourish thin cadenzas
Against the stars' deep trumpeting.

But through the shadowy embrasures
You open in the walls of time
I hear the beat of ominous measures
Beyond my reason or my rhyme.

My ultimate interrogation
You meet with spheres of dust or flame
Of sure and sinister gyration
And undiscoverable aim.

Hid in the uttermost recesses
Of that great room your might unbars
May there be hunger and caresses
Or only undesiring stars?

Today the jonquil and the crocus
Unfolded to the April sun.
Tonight, all tragedies you focus
Into the overwhelming One. . . .

Not for the brevity or bareness
Of being do I make lament,
But for its terrible awareness,
So keen, and still so impotent.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON.

I implore any versifying clients of the Bowling Green not to be misled, by my printing the above, into shooting me a lot of verses. The Green has only turf for about one contributed poem a year. I do not like Mr. Wilson's base-born rhyme in the first stanza; but "sure and sinister gyration," and also the final stanza, gave me a genuine thrill.

Mr. A. Edward Newton, the book collector, lately put up a sun-dial in the garden of his home at Daylesford, Pa. Casting about for a lapidary sentiment (it is odd that he found nothing in his favorite Dr. Johnson) Mr. Newton was grieved to observe that so many of the traditional sun-dial mottoes are in Latin. He disapproved the notion of a Latin epigram on his dial, and finally decided on the following very pretty couplet—whose provenance, however, he did not tell me—

I'll live tomorrow, you delaying cry—
In what far country does tomorrow lie?

One of the pleasantest of the Caliph Newton's humors is to have framed in his guest-rooms the *Table of Kindred and Affinity* which one finds in the back of the Anglican prayer-book. It is reassuring and sedative, before turning out the light, to contemplate the list of thirty people (Sister's Son's Wife, Wife's Brother's Daughter, Wife's Daughter's Daughter, etc.) whom a man may not marry. At least, one ponders, life is that much simplified.

I see that a Congress for discussion of French language and literature has just been held at Columbia University, including such agreeable festivities as a supper-dance aboard the paquebot *Paris*. Which causes me to remark that my own study of French has been marked by a humiliation. I had always rather bragged a little, privately, about having once, riding in a train from Paris to Granville, written a French poem about the Venus of Melos. It went like this:—

S'il fallait perdre des allures
Une échange j'aurais faite—
Et pour tes bras si blancs et purs
Je manquerais ta tête!

The English version of the sentiment was:—

If thine must be imperfect charms
I know what I'd replace,
And gladly, for those strong white arms
Forego thy drowsy face.

But now, rediscovering the manuscript, and feeling a twinge of doubt, I turn to my Larousse and learn that échange is masculine, which undoes my rhyme. I appeal to the Fédération de l'Alliance Française, exhilarated by their supper-dance, to tell me what to do with this quatrain. I offer my copy of Abel Bonnard's *Éloge de l'Ignorance* as a prize for the best correction of this poem in pukka French. Meanwhile I shall cut the pages of an admirable little book I bought last summer, called *Apprenons la Grammaire! Seul et Sans Peine.*

Mr. J. B. Kerfoot—and I wish I could see his name more often on some articles in this Review—writes from the Hotel Meurice, Paris:—

> We have just finished a six weeks' motor trip through the French provinces, with a dip into northern Italy, and I've thought from time to time of your reports of your experiences here. We passed Tonnerre on the *right*, but just the same I waved a greeting in its direction for you. Have you ever tried Beaune Hospice 1915, at Beaune itself, and then gone through the marvellous old Hotel Dieu run (in the unaltered surroundings and methods of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) by the Soeurs of the order of the Saint Esprit from Malines? If not, make for both next chance you get. The wine is wonderful and I know of no other place on earth where one can actually see the fifteenth century still functioning with no consciousness of anachronism. I found quite a bundle of *Saturday Reviews* waiting for me in Paris and am enjoying them.

The answer to Mr. Kerfoot's question is in the affirmative; and if he doesn't stop I shall get out my wine-card from the Hôtel de la Poste in Beaune (Cave très renommée) and quote a lot of it, such as "D'après les plus récentes statistiques, la moyenne de l'existence chez les abstinents du vin est de 51 ans, tandis qu'elle est de 63 ans chez les buveurs modérés . . . les buveurs d'eau se prédisposent à le neurasthénie et à des maladies graves, comme l'appendicite."

The West, and quite rightly, is not going to let our praise of the New Century Limited pass without comment. A friendly official of the Southern Pacific Company writes from San Francisco:—

> As possessor of every issue of *The Saturday Review* may I express the hope that some time you may enjoy another "capsule of eternity" on either the PADRE running along El Camino Real over which the Franciscan friars journeyed from mission to mission between Los Angeles and San Francisco, or on the SHASTA running between San Francisco and Portland.

I hope so too. And by the way, I was amused to see at Manhattan Transfer—hastening away from New York—a Pullman car named *Frugality*.

They instruct me that this is the Spring Book Number of the Review, in which publishers make announcements of forthcoming wares; so it cannot be unmannerly to mention a book not actually issued yet, but due (I think) within a few days. I refer to Mr. Don Marquis's *The Almost Perfect State*.

The Almost Perfect State was founded on Nassau Street. I mean that it began in the days when *The Sun* was still on that alley and when the building across the way was an honest dramshop and not just a drug-store. And when Don was writing those pieces for his column I like to imagine that he himself was sometimes surprised at the copy that uncoiled from the typewriter. He pretends that he never entirely made up his mind just how seriously he wanted some of it taken; however that may be, amid some very gorgeous juggling and foolery it contained his ripest and most fecund wisdom. The series offered the perfect framework for a certain phase of his pondering humor—which, like the wit praised by Rosalind, was always wisest at its most wayward. Now, after several years of disappearance in the files, it is a joy, and something more than a joy, to greet these sketches again. There are few books so sure to make you laugh aloud, with that spontaneous exhaling guffaw that comes with a curly tremolo from the midriff; there are few books of today that conceal so just a thoughtfulness under so unpretentious a manner. This paper is dated Shakespeare's birthday; there is a pleasant appropriateness in here paying tribute to the man who, more than any other in current American newspapers, contributed that special vein of freakish, fierce and tender wisdom we associate with the Shakespearean Fool. If you are the kind of reader I like to think you are, you'll not miss this, it is an Almost Perfect Book.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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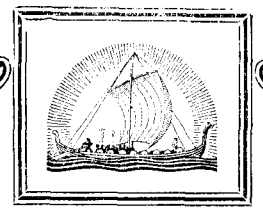

The
Rev. Mr. Fortune
makes one
convert
and loses his God

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MAGGOT

by

SYLVIA TOWNSEND
WARNER

Author of
LOLLY WILLOWES

This novel has just been selected by Carl Van Doren, Zona Gale, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch, Hendrik van Loon and Glenn Frank (*Judges of The Literary Guild*).

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
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Books of Special Interest

The Giant's Legacy

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER ON THE RESTORATION STAGE. By ARTHUR COLBY SPRAGUE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University

"THEIRS Was the Giant Race Before the Flood." So, in 1694, the leader of the elder school of Restoration drama wrote to the leader of the newer school concerning the Elizabethan playwrights. These famous words of old Dryden to young Congreve point revealingly to the chief inhibition that embarrassed the free development of the English stage during the brilliant but imperfectly fruitful half-century following the reopening of the theatres in 1660. A nation hungering and thirsting after plays and possessed of a band of infinitely clever playwrights failed of the full and normal self-expression it should have achieved because diverted, thwarted, and in large measure pauperized by its gigantic inheritance from the Jacobean antediluvians: Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, and in particular Beaumont and Fletcher.

The "right happy and copious industry" of these writers lay in staggering profusion across the path of the later dramatists, and they looked upon it much as the Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain had looked upon the relics of the Roman occupation. It was the old work of the giants—"eald enta geweorc"—grandiose, barbaric, vaguely provoking, belittling their own efforts. They admired and blamed and altered, and most of all they pilfered. It was easier to file down the Elizabethan swords and battle-axes into Restoration pruning-hooks than to launch smelting operations of their own; it was far cheaper to revive Beaumont and Fletcher with "judicious" cuts and fashionable patches than to pay the price and incur the risks of new plays. So, if the eighteenth century finally awoke to find its theatre bankrupt, it might reasonably have put the blame largely upon this improvident opportunism of the Restoration companies and authors.

Dr. Sprague's careful study of Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration stage deals, therefore, with an interesting subject, which he appears to have handled with thoroughness and accuracy. In the first part of his monograph he traces the history of thirty-nine plays of the Beaumont-Fletcher canon in the London theatres between 1660 and 1710. The period is rather scantily documented after the close of Pepys's diary in May, 1669, but Dr. Sprague makes good use of what there is, including the recent finding of Professor Allardyce Nicoll, and his results doubtless give us a fair enough view of the value in which the various plays were held. The ten which emerge as most steadily popular do credit to the taste of the period:—in tragedy, "The Bloody Brother" and "The Maid's Tragedy;" in tragi-comedy, "A King and No King," "The Humorous Lieutenant," "Philaster," and "The Island Princess;" in comedy, "The Scornful Lady," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," "The Chances," and "The Beggars' Bush."

While such works were in demand, the managers of the period may perhaps be pardoned for not exerting themselves to secure better plays from their own authors. Even regarding the "extraordinary tenacity" of "The Island Princess," to which Dr. Sprague demurs, calling it "that very patent piece of claptrap," I feel no surprise. The Restoration age, for all its Wycherleys, had a sincere taste for the exotic, and where the exotic is appreciated it would be hard to keep people away from "The Island Princess." Of these ten most popular plays in Dr. Sprague's enumeration it may be worth remarking that modern critics ascribe three mainly and another, "Scornful Lady," in part to Beaumont, four to Fletcher alone, and two to Fletcher and Massinger.

It is surprising to find the following four plays among the twelve for which Dr. Sprague discovered no evidence of revival in the Restoration period: "The False One," "The Lover's Progress," "Thierry and Theodoret," and "The Woman-Hater." That an age which battened on the horrors and heroics of "The Bloody Brother" should remain irresponsive to the very similar and quite equally excellent "Thierry and Theodoret" must be reckoned one of the unaccountable accidents of things-as-they-are. The fine Roman play of "The False One," dealing much as Mr. Shaw has since done with Cæsar and Cleopatra, ought surely to have appealed; and it is pity to think that Beaumont's fresh, witty, and neatly constructed "Woman-Hater" failed to get a hearing. "The Lover's Progress" is a less good play than the other three, but so full of the kind of romance and the sort of love and honor which the Restoration affected that one would have expected it to cry aloud for revival.

The second part of Dr. Sprague's study deals in painful though enlightening detail with the twenty extensive alterations and adaptations of Beaumont-Fletcher plays which saw the light during his period. Here lies the heaviest charge against the Restoration writers. Tate, Settle, and D'Urfey doubtless had little reputation to lose by their maladroit performances; but D'Avenant, Rochester, Waller, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and even Colley Cibber could surely have made better use of their time than they did when they undertook the improvement of Fletcher. The Duke of Buckingham, as Dr. Sprague makes amply clear, did the stage a service by rewriting the concluding acts of "The Chances," which Fletcher had disgracefully, if characteristically, scamped; but otherwise the critical accountant who takes stock of Restoration drama must list the remodelings of Beaumont and Fletcher among its liabilities rather than its assets.

This book, necessarily made up in large measure of dates, actor lists, and details of altered text, is better for reference than for steady reading; but it is lucidly written, and occasionally Dr. Sprague's wit finds opportunity to bubble up. Thus he remarks concerning the distressfully prolix revamping of "The Loyal Subject:" "Dyce spoke of the piece as one he 'had never seen nor cared to see'—and is to be congratulated both on his intuition and his good fortune."

Errors and misprints are not numerous, but a few of them are irritating. The quotation from Cibber's "Apology" on page 60 is marred by printing "the Expiration of their Frailty" instead of "Expiation." Estifania in "Rule a Wife" is invariably called Estisania by Dr. Sprague, in contradiction both to Genest, whom he cites as authority, and to all the editions of the play that I have consulted; and Memnon, the hero of "The Mad Lover" is similarly miscalled Mennon. A curious gilding of the lily, as unnecessary as it is unhistoric, occurs in references to Evelyn the diarist as *Sir* John and to Waller the poet as *Sir* Edmund.

Terry Lectures

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN. Yale University Press. 1927. $1.

THIS volume is a summary of three lectures delivered by Dr. Millikan on the Dwight Harrington Terry Foundation at Yale. Any hopes that the Terry Lectures may come to occupy in the intellectual life of America the place held by the Hibbert and Gifford Lectures in that of Great Britain receive slender encouragement from this work. Dr. Millikan has chosen to give an excellent popular summary of the recent achievements of science, particularly physics, rather than to discuss the fundamental relations between science and religion.

The first lecture gives an admirably clear account of "the evolution of twentieth century physics" from mechanical atomism to its present electronic basis, with the accompanying disappearance of the notion of matter as a primordial entity. The second lecture on "New Truth and Old" is devoted to showing that the new positions of science are founded upon the older positions whose scope they have limited but whose truth in their own field they have not denied. Since the time of Galileo science has proceeded on the experimental method which insures it an indefinite advance; "the supreme question for all mankind is how it can best stimulate and accelerate the application of the scientific method to all departments of human life." The last lecture on "The Evolution of Religion" sketches briefly the advance in religion from primitive anthropomorphic conceptions of capricious deities to belief in a God of rational order "who works through law." Dr. Millikan gives Galileo credit also for this new idea of God, forgetful that it is found in Aquinas and in Aristotle.

In fact, as soon as this eminent physicist ventures outside of the field of science, he reveals his incapacity. He accepts uncritically the favorite fallacy of the scientist: that progress in science is equivalent to universal progress. He is content to define progress itself as "the increasing control over environment." Atheism is refuted as a form of "pessimism," and pessimism needs no refutation.

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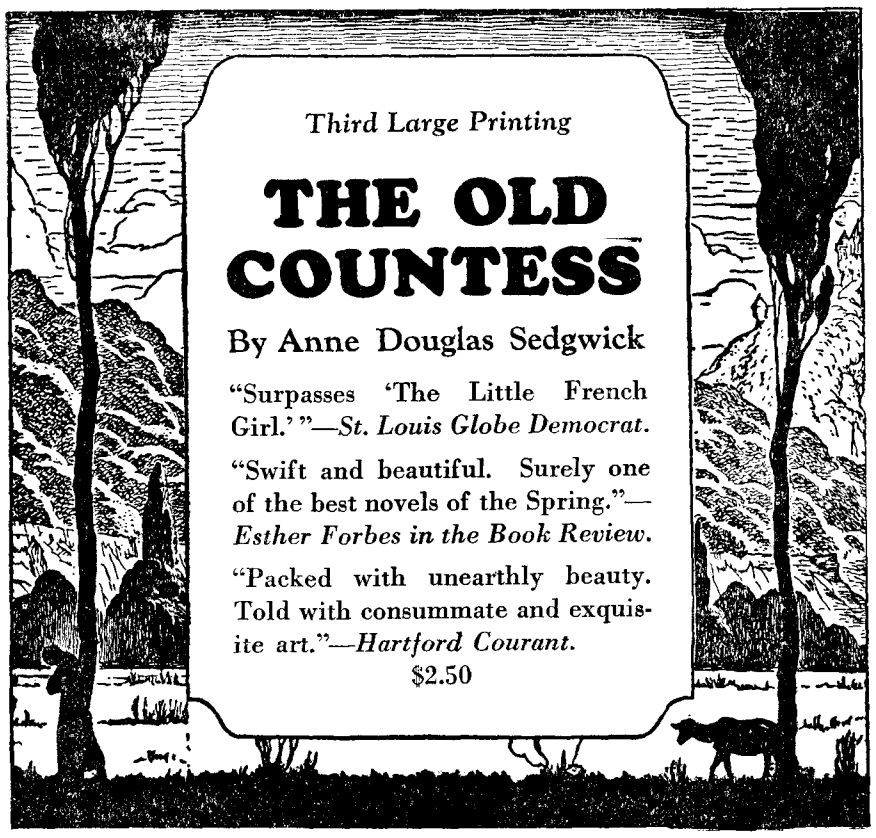
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THE OXONIAN agrees with the poet. 'Tis Spring, our heart is warmed at the song of birds in Gramercy Park, and we dream, while striding along those green paths of a Sunday morning, of days when we luxuriated in academic vacations, and *read* books instead of criticizing them. . . . For this is the season when all things in Nature invite us, and, like Thoreau, we would "meet the expectation of the land." We know of a spot in New England, and 'tis our secret. There's a grass-grown hillside which wears the softest green in the world; soft, spicy odors of cedar and wild sage would assail our nostrils, and blue-green waters ripple there in unending loveliness; the air would touch the forehead with a new gentleness at this season. Here we would sit and read. Read what, you ask? Read a dictionary. Yes, a dictionary! It's Fowler's *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage,*(1) the wittiest, cleverest, most comprehensive book of little essays upon our 'varied language' that has ever been published. It's the book that Professor Phelps of Yale called "a wonderful book . . . fascinating on every page." And *The New Republic* said of it only recently, "Mr. Fowler's . . . is a warm and living book, a gigantic garden of words, open to the wind and sun of outdoors, teeming with lively examples. There are perhaps two or three books in the world which everyone who wants to make the best possible use of his mother tongue should possess, and read, and reread, and this is one of them." Or we might choose the youngest child of the great Oxford English Dictionary for our companion: we mean the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary, American Edition.*(2) Here's a treasure indeed! It's smaller than 7x4 inches, bound in blue and gold, with 20,000 living words packed into 1030 easily readable pages, and backed by unrivalled authority. A friend from Corvallis, Oregon, writes to the American Branch, Oxford University Press,(3) "If this exceedingly serviceable Pocket Edition had been in existence in the time of O. Henry, he would not have had to carry the sixteen pound unabridged dictionary with him on his perambulations through Texas!"

OR, "now that April's there", we might turn to England. We can hear her sturdy novelist of the 60's and 70's calling to us—he who wrote so many words in so many minutes on such and such days, and made poor George Eliot sit up aghast when he described his calculated method to her! After all, Anthony Trollope was the most warm-hearted of story tellers, and one good reason for his resurrection at this time is his aggressive cordiality, the observant, tolerant, and somewhat humorous outlook with which he approached his middle classes, and which he fashioned into all his novels. He's a wholesome tonic in these days of psychoanalytic tomes and jazzed fiction. Well, now that Michael Sadleir has published his biography of Trollope and we've got a promise from some friends to give this best-seller to us for our birthday, let's read *The Claverings.*(4) We are told that the Oxford University Press has the only available edition in America of this particular novel. And then, shall we turn to Trollope's *Autobiography?*(5) It so happens that the World's Classics edition has a splendid introduction by Michael Sadleir himself, so here goes for a taste of that gentleman's 'quality'. When we have completed these, there'll be nine more to read in this edition—jolly little books, pocket-size, and modestly priced.(6) Of course, *The Novels of Jane Austen*(7) might have done as well. 'Genuine, home-made articles,' her nephew called them. The Oxford edition, however, in 5 volumes, buckram, with magnificent illustrations and title-pages, all from contemporary sources, is a distinguished set of books, and an unusual bargain.

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Books of Special Interest

A Group of Plays

THE WITCH. By JOHN MASEFIELD. From the Norwegian of H. WIERS-JESSEN. New York: Brentano's. 1926. $1.75.

THE WOOD DEMON. By ANTON CHEHOV. Translated by S. S. KOTELIANSKY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

THE PLAY'S THE THING. By FERENC MOLNAR. Adapted from the Hungarian by P. G. WODEHOUSE. New York: Brentano's. 1926. $2.

THE TENDER PASSION. By HUBERT GRIFFITH. British Drama League Library of Modern British Drama. New York: Brentano's. 1927. $1.25.

THE OLD ADAM. By CICELY HAMILTON. The same.

THE MARBLE GOD. By STEPHEN SCHOFIELD. The same.

THE BARBER AND THE COW. By T. D. DAVIES. The same.

THE MERRY, MERRY CUCKOO, and Other Welsh Plays. By JEANETTE MARKS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

IN the editorial offices of some reviews of literature, plays are apt to be looked upon somewhat askance. Insignificant novels, pedestrian verse may be welcomed to column length notice, but published plays, especially those which have been currently reveiwed by dramatic critics on production, are often shoved aside. All this is a mistake. In a way, of course, plays can be looked on only as the mongrels of literature, since it is quite impossible ever to give them a pure literary pedigree. Fathered by pantomime, emotion expressed through the idiom of bodily movement, they may be entirely wordless, and still be good plays, as witness "Sumurun." Yet when clothed in words, a play has as much right as a novel, an essay, a lyric to receive on literary value its meed of praise, or condemnation. And only when read in the study, apart from the personality of the actor and the glamour of production, can such appraisement be justly made. Also many good plays long await production after publication, as for instance, that superb little *genre* comedy of Syracusan suburbanites, the XVth Idyl of Theocritus, the first one act play ever written, but never yet, as far as we know, produced.

At the top of the present list of plays under review, for sheer word beauty stands John Masefield's adaptation of "The Witch," from the Norwegian of H. Wiers-Jenssen, a hauntingly moving and far profounder play than its historical aspect might suggest. Here is English prose of Anglo-Saxon directness and vigor, terse, alive, colorful as one may well expect from the author of "The Tragedy of Nan," or the "Sonnets to Beauty." Whatever changes Masefield may have made in the text, certainly this English dress is only to the good. It glows with passion, it sings with menace, as it tells the tragic story of Anne Pedersdotter, the young wife of Master Absolon, whose sin it was to fall in love with the son of her husband by a former marriage. As did Ansky in "The Dybbuk," and Percy Mackaye in "The Scarecrow," Wiers-Jenssen for his material plunged deep into native folklore, depicting Lutheran fanaticism of the sixteenth century as it blazed forth in the town of Bergen, Norway. Witchcraft, anti-popery, renascent scholasticism form the background of the action. The characters stand out in bold relief—the Palace Chaplain, Master Absolon, Anne, his bride, Martin, his son, Merete, his mother, and the group of drunken Protestant priests, his associates. Even though at times some of the scenes are over episodic, on the whole the story is firmly knit.

Chehov's "The Wood Demon" has been translated by S. S. Koteliansky only in fair fashion, adequate to getting it over into English, but certainly not illuminating. The play is an early effort, hastily written on order for immediate production, but unsuccessful on the stage, and withdrawn, later however to be used by Chehov as a basis for "Uncle Vanya." It has all the elements of Chehov's mature art, his passionate love for humanity, his humor, his genius for characterization, his seemingly dramatic formlessness. Skilful adaptation might save it, and it is worth saving, if for nothing else than the character of Voynitsky, the lovable but defeated parasite of convention. Chehov put much thought on the inception of the play, as his description of the characters shows as quoted in a prefatory note to the volume from his letter of 1888 to his collaborator, A. S. Souvorin, but completing it in haste alone, he failed to give his material its true sincerity of effect. This is particularly true in the last act. The publication is of value, however, as an interesting sidelight on Chehov's development as a dramatist, and should not be overlooked by anyone studying his art.

Put into brisk American vernacular by P. G. Wodehouse, "The Play's the Thing," by Ferenc Molnar, reads as entertainingly as it acts, which in the face of its present stage popularity is saying a great deal. It will provide an hour full of chuckles by the fireside. But its publication should serve a further purpose than amusement. Let any playwright who wishes to pierce the secret of light comedy success con well this text. Here is theatre "spoofing" at its best, such as only could come from the pen of a past master of stage technique. Every situation is squeezed to its utmost of delicious humor, every possibility of the slight story rounded to the full. And it all seems so easily done, as if Molnar, like his hero playwright Tural, had just tossed it off over night. Possibly he did, if not quite, almost, for we understand he wrote it merely as a piece of entertainment for some fellow playwrights. And here it is, entertaining its hundreds of thousands in the theatre, and should as many readers. It is *risqué*, of course, improbable, inconsequential, but deft, dashing, and well-mannered, one of the best light comedies that has come to us from foreign shores in many seasons.

The four new publications bearing the imprimatur of the British Drama League we pick up, expecting, as is the case with every modern British play, to find them well written, nor are we disappointed. The trouble is that they are almost tantalizingly well written in relation to the value of content. "The Tender Passion," by Hubert Griffith, is a study in the psychology of love as it effects four well-bred young people of modern ideas as to the relation of the sexes, but leaves little impression beyond that of a literary effort. In the fantastic comedy, "The Old Adam," Cicely Hamilton takes the rather unusual viewpoint for a woman that war is ineradicable since the instinct for battle is eternal in the human breast, developing her plot by means of a Hertzian ray, not yet invented but hinted at by scientists, which negatives all war inventions of the day. "The Marble God" is a collection of four one-act plays, none of them of any particular significance, although "Twisty Windows," by Mary Pakington, has an effective turn at the end. The best of the brochures is "The Barber and the Cow," by D. T. Davies, a rural comedy of Welsh *locale* depicting with delightful humor the rival candidacies of two choirmasters for town election.

Although Jeanette Marks is an American, in this collection of one-act plays under the title "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo," she writes only of Welsh life, which makes her inclusion here not perhaps out of place. The titular play and "Welsh Honey Moon" won Miss Marks the prize at the opening of the Welsh National Theatre, and are favorites for little theatre production generally. "The Deacon's Hat" is also well known. Of the new plays included "Steppin' Westward" is a delicious tale of the presentation to a village in Bryn Tirion of a hearse as a covert election bribe. "Look to the End" is a truly beautiful bit of writing, interweaving tenderness and pathos, with the lightest of humor. Building always from mere episodes, Miss Marks characterizes with charm, lifting all she touches into the atmosphere of poetry.

Vrest Orton is compiling a bibliography of the works of Theodore Dreiser which will be published by the Centaur Press in its series of bibliographies of American authors. The bibliography will consist of a descriptive list of all Mr. Dreiser's first editions with information in regard to their publication, as well as a complete list of his contributions to periodicals and a complete list of works about Mr. Dreiser. Mr. Orton would be glad to receive any special information about Mr. Dreiser. He may be reached at *The American Mercury*, New York.

It was for the Mount Vernon Association of Ladies that the "Diaries: 1748-1799" of Washington, on whose data much of the more unpopular information in the new biographies is based, were edited by J. C. Fitzpatrick.

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Foreign Literature

Viennese Harmonies

JEAN CASSOU: Les Harmonies Viennoises. Paris: Editions Emile-Paul Frères. 1927.

Reviewed by AMELIA V. ENDE

LET us turn back a hundred years and imagine ourselves in Old Vienna during the golden age of music. The star of Papa Haydn had set when he had attained a mellow age, that of Mozart, before it reached its zenith. The sun of Beethoven's genius was sinking towards the western horizon. A host of lesser magnitude was ready to take up the thread of endless melody where those three dropped it.

It was a time when musical activities were not limited to the profession: a period of serious and fruitful dilettantism. The so-called lower classes had their social "sings;" the middle class earnestly encouraged music study in their offspring, and able amateurs sang and played the music of the masters. They did not need to study musical appreciation, because their knowledge of and taste for music made them understand it from within, out of their own soul and with their own receptive temperament.

Like a landmark at the parting of two roads towered the figure of the genius whose memory has been honored these days. With Haydn and Mozart the classical ideal had reached its culmination. Beethoven, at the turning point of two eras, like a colossus spanned the old and the new; he was the first to give voice to the romantic spirit that was stirring the souls of men. The poetry and the music of German romanticism reflect the spiritual and emotional unrest.

It is difficult for modern writers to suggest the atmosphere of that interesting period. Beethoven was of too heroic proportions to fit into the frame of fiction. Schubert more nearly approached human standards. Some years ago an Austrian writer, Rudolf Heinrich Bartsch, made him the hero of a novel. Now a French writer, Jean Cassou, has limned the portraits of Schubert and of a musician of minor calibre, Anton Diabelli, in a story which admirably revives echoes of those harmonies which one hundred years ago made the very stones of Old Vienna vibrate with music. A woman dreams these Viennese harmonies. As this Lina tells the story of her life and love, the musical world of Old Vienna revives before the eyes of the reader. The author makes no pretension at historical veracity. But he palpably suggests the emotional atmosphere of the time and the place, and out of the chiaroscuro of those dreams emerge the figures of Schubert, who was to carry on the work of Beethoven, alas! too briefly; of his friend Schober; of his patronesses and pupils, the countesses Esterhazy; the virtuoso Anton Diabelli, the publisher Cappi, and others. That Diabelli, whose memory survives today only in some instructive pieces for the piano, is placed on too high a pedestal by the dreamer, may rouse the protest of professional musicians; but it is comprehensible, for she sees him through the eyes of love.

A delightful old time perfume is exhaled by the pages in which Lina pictures her life in the house of her erudite uncle, amid herbariums and collections of minerals. Is it from the rosemary and lavender leaves in the Dresden vase on her dresser, or is it merely the indefinable smell of a museum? But Lina is too young and full of the joy of living which her people so thoroughly understood, to live in the past of the memories which flower-mummies may evoke. She plunges with zest into every diversion, whether the Esterhazys call for her in their carriage for an intimate musicale at their home, or whether her interesting old uncle takes her on an excursion to the Kahlenberg and to Grinzing. Lina's love for the virtuoso whose name so clearly suggests his temperament, forms the thread of the narrative upon which these dreams are strung. The breath of passion is in it, there are moments of dramatic tension. But there are also realistic glimpses of the artist Bohème and its eternal struggle with the representatives of a better ordered, more comfortable, but commonplace existence. Schubert, Diabelli, and the whole group of more or less erratic characters, whom the Germans love to call "Genies," were no less ready to *épater les bourgeois* than their colleagues in France. The battle with the Philistines seems a visualized anticipation of Schumann's Davidsbündler.

In a sort of epilogue the author gathers the harmonies in one full major chord:

Vienna is always Vienna. The undertaker's turn came and he himself was buried. The Museum was burned and a new one built near the Volksgarten. The old uncle died. Only Anton and Lina are still alive. I want to believe that they always live, in spite of the struggles and the sorrows of real life. What is called real life, is very bitter. It is an absurd thing, perhaps a lie. But love, love. . . .

Sources of Chapman

ETUDES SUR L'HUMANISME CONTINENTAL EN ANGLETERRE A LA FIN DE LA RENAISSANCE. By FRANK SCHOELL. Paris: Librairie Champion. 1926.

Reviewed by T. M. PARROTT
Princeton University

THE author of this admirable scholarly monograph is not, as the reviewer of the London *Times* imagines, an American. By birth, training, and service in the World War he is French, all the more French because he traces his ancestry back to the once lost, now happily recovered provinces. But he is one of the noble band of foreign scholars whom America has welcomed and whom she is proud to claim as Americans at least by adoption. If I am not mistaken Professor Schoell's first published work, the reclamation for Chapman of the anonymous Elizabethan drama of "Charlemagne," issued from an American press, that of Princeton University. This was in 1920, six years after the original manuscript had perished in the sack of Louvain. Since that date Professor Schoell has instructed hundreds of young Americans in the beauties of his mother tongue; but he has always been faithful to the fine old Elizabethan whom he came to love in his green and salad days. And this volume, in part a reprint of earlier articles in French journals, is devoted to a far-reaching and exhaustive study of Chapman's debt to the classics and of the channels through which he drew upon them. In fact a more illuminating title for the volume would be "The Sources of Chapman." These sources are without exception Continental scholars for Professor Schoell has shown clearly enough the lamentable state of English Hellenistic studies in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Chapman himself read Greek after a fashion, but he preferred as a rule to read Greek authors in Latin translations. I myself pointed out years ago that Chapman's many thoughts on the "Morals" of Plutarch were often colored, more than colored in fact, the very English words dictated, by the phraseology of a Latin translation. Professor Schoell has discovered beyond the shadow of a doubt the very translation that Chapman used, that of a learned German, Holzmann by name, who preferred to masquerade under the hellenized version of Xylander. His quaint and far-fetched allusions Chapman drew for the most part from the "Mythologiæ" of Natali Conti, alias Natalis Comes, N. Comitum, or N. de Comitibus. He plundered the famous "Adagia" of Erasmus and transcribed passage after passage from Wolf's Latin version of the "Enchiridion" and the "Discourses" of Epictetus. In fact if Chapman were a poet of our day he would be condemned, on Professor Schoell's showing, of the most flagrant plagiarism. But he was an Englishman of the Renaissance, adoring the new-found treasures of Greece as models of beauty and epitomes of moral wisdom, and he mastered them as best he could with whatever aid Latin translations, commentaries, and dictionaries could afford. Better to read Plutarch in Latin than never to read him at all, and Plutarch in Latin or Greek strikes no lofter note than Chapman utters when he speaks out loud and bold:

Man is a torch borne in the wind, a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance.

If he had always mastered his sources thus, Chapman would have been a greater poet, but the sad truth is that he was more than a little of a pedant, and, as Professor Schoell has shown, no small part of his famous obscurity is due to his incessant practise of incorporating in his work ideas, maxims, similes, and phrases, often only in part assimilated, sometimes quite wrongly understood, from his masters.

It would take too long to follow Professor Schoell in his tireless tracking of Chapman's studies. Let us close by commending this work as a first-rate example of French scholarship, exact, acute, written in lucid style, and touched throughout with a delicate appreciation of literary values.

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Books of the Spring

By Amy Loveman

"REELING, and writhing, and fainting in coils" best expresses our reactions when confronted with the mass of spring publications. A "slow season," the publishers say, yet books are piled about us in appalling multitude. Books, or perhaps we had better qualify the statement by saying books and announcements of forthcoming volumes, for there is undoubtedly a tendency toward distributing the new publications over a longer period than has been customary in the past. Indeed publishing is markedly growing less of a seasonal trade; where not long since there was a concentration of important works in March and April now some of them are held over for later spring and even summer months. Some of those which we cite here are already out; others are still to appear.

What with newspaper publicity, the Boston censorship, and the perturbation it has aroused in conforming souls "Elmer Gantry" (Harcourt, Brace), leaps to the forefront in discussion of the spring fiction. For those who like their romance spiced with propaganda, and are nothing loath to have that propaganda peppery, Sinclair Lewis's latest piece of iconoclasm is variously a stimulant or an irritant. Mr. Lewis takes the Methodist clergy by the ear, thereby setting the public by it; he deals his blows unsparingly, attacking not religion but its practitioners, and pillorying the latter through one of the most unlovely exemplars that literature can boast. Provocative, ruthless, savage "Elmer Gantry" despite its very obvious defects as a novel is of compelling interest. As an antidote for it we can suggest nothing better than Francis Brett Young's leisurely two volume chronicle, "Love Is Enough" (Knopf), a work in which character is developed and plot unfolded with rare insight and sympathy and with something of Victorian serenity. A survival in a different sense of the Victorian era is Olive Schreiner's "From Man to Man" (Harpers), a novel left unfinished at its author's death and now cast into form from manuscript and notes. The book on the whole is somber—it is in essence a study of prostitution viewed by a woman capable both of the white heat of indignation and of understanding pity—but it is shot through with beauty and even at its faultiest is on a high plane. If it had no other claim to attention—and it has many—than the opening autobiographical sketch of a child's day, a tender little idyl that should find permanent place in anthologies, it would be noteworthy.

No season would be complete without its grist of tales from a group of writers whose reputation has long since been firmly established. From their lists come Virginia Woolf's story of an English family living in the Hebrides entitled "To the Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace), Arnold Bennett's "The Woman Who Stole Everything" (Doran); W. B. Maxwell's "Bevan Yorke" (Doubleday, Page), a tale of the triangle variety which after an excellent start continues less well than it began but nevertheless remains interesting to the end; Alice Brown's study of two generations and of the relationship of youth and age, "Dear Old Templeton" (Macmillan); Archibald Marshall's "That Island" (Dodd, Mead), G. K. Chesterton's "The Return of Don Quixote" (Dodd, Mead), a novel which like Maurice Baring's "Daphne Adeane" (Harpers), has a specifically Catholic bearing; Warwick Deeping's "Doomsday" (Knopf), a book less good than "Sorrell and Son," with a certain grim power through about half its length that declines in the latter part of its chronicle of love and mistakes; Stephen McKenna's "Secretary of State" (Little, Brown), which together with Edith Wharton's "Twilight Sleep" (Appleton), the portrayal of a wealthy New York society that drugs itself by fruitless activity into oblivion of realities, and Michael Arlen's "Young Men in Love" (Doran), is as yet only announced. May Sinclair's "The Allinghams" (Macmillan), shows again her preoccupation with psychological subtleties and her very considerable skill in depicting the actions and reactions of personalities playing upon one another in the close communion of family life. In "The Old Countess" (Houghton Mifflin), Anne Douglas Sedgwick once more displays her delicate art compassing the conjunction of scene and personality; her lovely portrayal of the Dordogne country holds in solution as it were the elements of her story.

The historical novel which seems to be coming into its own finds representation in such books as Gertrude Atherton's "Immortal Marriage" (Boni & Liveright), the story of Aspasia; Donn Byrne's "Brother Saul" (Century), which takes for its hero Saul of Tarsus; Irving Bacheller's tale of the days of Christ, "Dawn" (Macmillan); Meade Minnigerode's "Cockades" (Putnams), a romance built about the mystery of the little lost Dauphin, son of Marie Antoinette, and introducing into its complications such figures as Aaron Burr and Jumel. Robert W. Chambers in "The Drums of Aulone" (Appleton), also draws in part on French history for material, introducing into his romance the France of Louis XIV and then carrying his characters to the English court at Whitehall and thence to Quebec. In "Forever One" (Morrow), Honoré Willsie Morrow presents a lively and plausible portrayal of Lincoln despite the introduction of a discordant love episode.

Short stories, too, are having their innings this season. In addition to numerous anthologies there are collections of tales such as William Gerhardi's "Pretty Creatures" (Duffield); Edward Lucas White's volume of horrendous mystery yarns, "Lukundoo" (Doran), Cynthia Asquith's well-chosen compendium, "The Ghost Book" (Scribners), to which such writers as De la Mare, Walpole, May Sinclair, and Algernon Blackwood have contributed stories of the supernatural, the forthcoming "Case Book of Sherlock Holmes" (Doran), by Conan Doyle, and Eden Phillpotts's "Peacock House and Other Mysteries" (Macmillan); tales of less violent type such as Edna Ferber's "Mother Knows Best" (Doubleday, Page), Susan Ertz's "The Wind of Complication" (Appleton), Irvin S. Cobb's "Ladies and Gentlemen" (Cosmopolitan), "Etched in Moonlight" (Macmillan), by James Stephens, and William J. Locke's "Stories Near and Far" (Dodd, Mead).

Four excellent volumes to which the war lends background and impressiveness have appeared in "Three Lights from a Match" (Doran), by Leonard Nason, whose earlier book "Chevrons" showed him a writer of high promise; "Marching On" (Scribners), by James Boyd, which was the choice of the Book of the Month Club; "Red Pants" (Scribners), by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., whose vivid pictorial sense finds outlet both by pen and pencil; and in R. H. Mottram's "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" (Dial), which has now been issued in one volume with the addition of a new part.

Interesting publications are the volume of tales by Walt Whitman which the Columbia University Press has issued under the title "The Half Breed and Other Stories" and the reissue of Leonard Merrick's first novel, "Violet Moses" (Dutton), a work which displays some of the best qualities of its author. Familiar names appear again in J. C. Snaith, whose "The Hoop" Appleton is bringing out, Sarah Comstock, who has just published in "Speak to the Earth" (Doubleday, Page) a story of the return of the soldier to his environment of the American prairie region; and Reginald Wright Kauffman who in "A Man of Little Faith" (Penn), does some vigorous writing; Compton MacKenzie, whose "Rogues and Vagabonds" Doran is issuing. In "Kit O'Brien" (Macmillan), Edgar Lee Masters has written a book in the "Mitch Miller" vein which is something between a juvenile and a story of the young for their elders.

Several new writers have made most promising entries into the field of fiction. Eleanor Carroll Chilton in "Shadows Waiting" (Day), has produced a book whose delicate and subtle values have found quick appreciation at the hands of the trained critics and which despite its tenuous hold on reality is winning favor from the general public. Robert Carse in "Horizon" (Dodd, Mead), a tale unfolding through part of its length at sea and through the rest of its course in the newspaper world, gives evidence of real ability, while Patrick Hamilton in "Craven House" (Houghton Mifflin), shows a talent that deserves watching. Mr. Hamilton's tale is in the Dickens manner and displays considerable power of characterization in the vein of that master. A painful book, but an impressive one, is Edna Bryner's "Andy Brandt's Ark" (Dutton), a novel notable for its unflinching honesty, and its understanding but unsentimental approach to vital emotional situations. E. H. Young, whose work attracted attention in her own England before more than a few discerning critics had discovered it here, shows again in "The Malletts" (Harcourt, Brace), the restraint of manner and delicate insight into character and the springs of action that made "William" notable. The author of

(*Continued on next page*)

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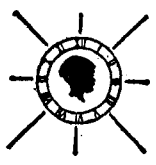

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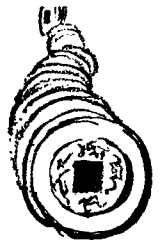

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GOOD BOOKS

The Spring Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"Miss Tiverton Goes Out" still preserves her anonymity in her new novel "This Day's Madness" (Bobbs-Merrill), a story of considerable enough merits to arouse curiosity as to the personality back of the namelessness. Nathalie S. Colby in "Green Forest" (Harcourt, Brace), and Ellen Dupois Taylor in "One Crystal and a Mother" (Harpers), have produced first novels that whet the desire to have more from their authors. In "Red Damask" (Harpers), Emanie Sachs, deserting the field of her first book the scene of which was laid in Kentucky, deals with the theme of youth in rebellion against the suppressions and traditions of the family, choosing for her *milieu* wealthy Jewish society of New York. Among other novels of the newer writers which should have mention are "The Beadle" (Doran), Pauline Smith's fine story of South Africa; Murray Sheehan's "Half Gods" (Dutton), which opens with a striking incident, the birth on the farm of a perfectly commonplace and conventional family of a centaur-like creature; Liam O'Flaherty's somber but powerful "Mr. Gilhooley" (Harcourt, Brace); Elizabeth Cobb Chapman's "Falling Seeds" (Doubleday, Page); Henry Justin Smith's "Innocents Aloft" (Covici), for which William McFee has written an introduction; Hope Mirrlees's fairy story for grown-ups, "Lud-in-the-Mist" (Knopf); Jeffery E. Jeffery's "The Longest Shadow" (Little, Brown); Christopher Morley's clever and entertaining "Pleased to Meet You" and "The Arrow" (Doubleday, Page); Richard Connell's "The Mad Lover" (Minton, Balch); "The Islanders" (Macmillan), by Helen Hull, a study of a woman's struggle to realize independence of personality and freedom to live her own life; Arthur Train's "High Winds" (Scribners); "The Lingering Faun" (Stokes), by Mabel Wood Martin, a tale of post-war Paris; Upton Sinclair's "Oil!" (A. & C. Boni); Harry Hervey's "Congai" (Cosmopolitan); Maria Moravsky's "The Bird of Fire" (Crowell); A. B. Cox's "The Professor on Paws" (Dial), a tale that should appeal especially to those familiar with university life; Marjorie Strachey's "The Counterfeiters" (Longmans, Green); "Morning, Noon and Night" (Mitchell), by Kenneth Phillips Britton; Ronald Fraser's charming and delicate little fantasy, "Flower Phantoms" (Boni & Liveright); "The Ardent Flame," by Frances Winwar (Century); "The Magic Casket" (Dodd, Mead), by Austin Freeman; "Bold Bendigo," by Paul Herring (Lippincott), and two novels by writers hitherto known as critics, "Adam in Moonshine" (Harpers), by J. B. Priestley and "Marionette" (Boni & Liveright), by Edwin Muir.

The interest in foreign literature which the war aroused has apparently persisted undiminished through the decade since America's entrance into it. Indeed if the publishers' announcements for the spring of 1927 are any index to it, interest in European books was never livelier than at present. In the field of fiction, for instance, a large proportion of the outstanding works are of foreign origin. The German speaking countries, though still apparently regarded as less likely than France to secure a hearing, have nevertheless a considerable array of novels to their credit. Such tales, as Jacob Wassermann's "The Triumph of Youth" (Boni & Liveright), a romance in which a magic dream world is projected against the historical background of the Thirty Years War, Hermann Sudermann's "The Mad Professor" (Boni & Liveright), wherein is depicted life at the University of Königsberg, Hanns Heinz Ewer's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (Day), a vigorous portrayal of religious hysteria in the development of which the author has skilfully blended ruthless realism with occasional rhapsodic passages, Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf), a heroic canvas depicting the reactions of the diseased mind to life, Count Edouard von Keyserling's sombre but powerful story, "Twilight" (Macaulay), and Schnitzler's blithe romance, "Rhapsody" (Simon & Schuster), constitute a block of books of genuinely impressive character. To these may be added O. E. Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" (Harpers), a book of rugged strength; Maxim Gorky's "Decadence" (McBride); Knut Hamsun's "Mysteries" (Knopf); Maurice Dekobra's "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars" (Payson & Clarke), which has sold over half a million copies in France; the third volume in the translation of Lady Murasaki's "Tale of Genji" (Houghton Mifflin), the charming chronicle of a lady of the Japanese court, and the Dutch work, half biography, half history, "Max Havelaar" (Knopf), by Multatuli. French novels are appearing in English translation in goodly number among the most noteworthy being Romain Rolland's "Mother and Son" (Holt), the third volume of "The Soul Enchanted;" Pierre la Mazière's striking "I'll Have a Fine Funeral" (Harpers); Alphonse de Chateaubriant's "The Peat-Cutters" (Dial), a novel which won the Grand Fiction Prize of the French Academy and which is one of those realistic portrayals of peasant life which the French have so frequently handled successfully; Henry de Montherlant's "The Bull Fighters" (Dial), another book which has had wide attention in France; André Maurois's "Bernard Quesnay" (Appleton), the chronicle of a young man of artistic nature whom circumstances brought to a wrestle with the problems of industrial life; Paul Morand's "East India" (A. & C. Boni), and his collection of short stories, "Europe at Love" (Boni & Liveright); André Savingnon's "The Sorrows of Elsie" (Payson & Clarke); Claude Anet's slight but delicately wrought "Ariane" (Knopf), and Vicente Blasco Ibañez's "The Pope of the Sea" (Dutton).

From fiction we pass to biography in which as in the former field the present season has interesting titles to show. H. A. L. Fisher's long-awaited biography of Lord Bryce has recently come from the press of Macmillan as has Francis W. Hirst's "Early Life of Lord Morley." Putnam has issued "Wilhelm Hohenzollern: The Last of the Kaisers," by Emil Ludwig whose "Napoleon" (Boni & Liveright), last winter made its author's name familiar to a large public. Like this latter book the study of the Kaiser is written in vivid fashion, and its development of its thesis of the effect of the German Emperor's crippled arm upon his personality and career is exceedingly interesting if not absolutely convincing. Philip Guedalla, as was to be expected, has turned out a brilliant biography in his "Palmerston" (Putnams), while other interesting lives either recently issued or about to appear are "The War Diary of Emperor Frederick III" (Stokes), "Robespierre" (Putnams), by Hilaire Belloc; "The Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great" (Brentanos), "Jean Paul Marat" (Greenberg); "The Memoirs of a Revolutionist" (International), by Vera Figner; "The Dreams of a Duchess" (Doran), by Elizabeth Duchess of Northumberland, a record covering the years 1717-1776; "My Early Life" (Doran), by William II; and "Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels" (International), by D. Riazanov.

In the field of literary biography there are a number of interesting publications. Michael Sadleir's "Anthony Trollope" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Letters of George Gissing" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Life of Frederick Harrison" (Putnams), by his son, Austin Harrison, Lloyd Morris's "The Rebellious Puritan" (Harcourt, Brace), a study of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the new volume in the issue of William Butler Yeats's autobiographies (Macmillan), which presents the author's reveries over childhood and youth, Van Wyck Brooks's "Emerson and Others" (Dutton), and Jean Maurice Pouquet's "Anatole France and Madame" (Harcourt, Brace), which adds another to the already large number of studies of the French author. In "Fire Under the Andes" (Knopf), Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant has supplied a series of impressions of noted figures of the day. The French have contributed to current biographical studies three volumes on musicians, "Polonaise" (Holt), in which Guy de Pourtalès has depicted the life of Chopin, "The Prodigious Lover" (Duffield), under which title Louis Barthou writes of Richard Wagner, and "Beethoven—Vie Intime" (Brentanos), by André de Hévesy. Mention also should be made of "The Late Victorians," (Lippincott), by A. A. Baumann.

There is a particularly interesting group of specifically American biographies amongst which may be mentioned "Anthony Comstock, (A. & C. Boni), in which "the roundsman of the Lord" gets gentler handling than might have been expected from Heywood Broun and Margaret Leach; Carl Christian Jensen's "An American Saga" (Little, Brown), the chronicle of a foreigner who reached his development in the land of his adoption; "The Harvest of the Years" (Houghton Mifflin), by Luther Burbank with Wilbur Hall; Ring W. Lardner's "The Story of A Wonder Man" (Scribner's); Susan Glaspell's "The Road to the Temple" (Stokes), a biography of her husband, George Cram Cook, which by virtue of its transcription of conversations held with him and of his writings and notes at times constitutes almost an autobiography of that gifted man; "Trumpets of Jubilee"

(*Continued on page* 773)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING. New York: Francis Pristera. 1927.

If the succeeding portfolios in this series live up to the achievement of the first volume lovers of art will indeed have cause for rejoicing. For Mr. Pristera has here presented in admirable photogravure reproductions some of the great paintings of the Florentine school. Masacchio, Pollaiulo, Verocchio, Ghirlandaio, and Botticelli find representation, the pictures included being in each instance preceded by brief introductory comment. Schools, as well as homes, could do no better than to procure this publication. The book is so bound as to make possible the removing of any illustration at will.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY. By ELIOT CLARK. Illustrated. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. 1927. $25 net.

An old conviction that a minor artist is a better theme for the essayist than a great one is confirmed by this latest addition to Mr. Sherman's fastidiously printed "American Artists Series." Mr. Clark makes a brilliant and enlightening essay out of a singularly exiguous matter, without indulging either hero worship or gratuitous rhetoric. Apparently Murphy lived merely to enrich the tawny enamel of his pictures, and, having early thought out a simple and rational formula of composition, thereafter he ceased to think. He seems like a musician who plays a single phrase delightfully on the monochord. But the single phrase is here fraught with a quietly intense nature worship, with a thin yet authentic poetry. Since Murphy's life was featureless, Mr. Clark's concern is necessarily with technical analysis of the pictures. This is clearly and agreeably done. On the issue of value your reviewer somewhat differs from Mr. Clark in finding the big Murphys without exception a shade empty. There was no change of convention to meet the larger scale. Perhaps then the little canvases of the 'nineties better bear out the parallel with Whistler—"Their pictures when hung together belong at once to the same age: vague, suggestive, undefined, mood-enveloped."

CARRY ON, SERGEANT! By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

This book was presumably published for its pictures, which are amusing enough in the good Bairnsfather fashion, although not up to his first inspirations. But it deserves reading for its text alone, which is witty, ironic, and more informative than many more pretentious narratives. This, indeed, is Bruce Bairnsfather's autobiography in the war period, with valuable contributions from the biography of Old Bill and Alf. A humorist has to be a good deal of a philosopher and still more of an observer. Hence the author's comments on how war is made, and why, and his studies of Americans at the front are much more penetrating than his jesting "now I'll tell you another" style of writing implies. There is a good deal more to this little book than its amusing pictures.

Biography

SIR JAMES MACKENZIE, THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN. By R. MACNAIR WILSON. Macmillan. 1927. $4.

Sir James Mackenzie became famous as a heart specialist and by the invention of a device for recording heart irregularities. But the main new doctrine which he preached to the somewhat unwilling ears of the great London doctors was that the profession was overloaded with specialists and devices, to the neglect of the knowledge only to be gained in general practice. He was twenty-eight years a family doctor in a provincial town before he moved to London, and he insisted that all his contributions to the knowledge of the profession were based on that long, varied, patient, and intimate experience. General practice in England was classed as a lower order of the profession. Mackenzie wanted to do away with all that. He even suggested to the London specialists "that they were of small use to the future of medicine; that their knowledge concerned only the late and hopeless stages of illness; and that, if they were to achieve any worthy service, they must become general practitioners, or else attend the out-patient departments of the hospitals where early disease may usually be studied."

To a layman's ear it sounds like good sense. The layman's impression in general is there are two few family doctors, at least in large cities, and proportionately too many specialists. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in making the noble life of a great doctor an absorbing book for a layman to read, although it is almost wholly taken up with the account of his professional work.

THE VAGABOND DUCHESS. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. Dutton. 1927. $5. Co. 1927. $5.

This biography of Hortense Mancini is characterized by the solid, plodding scholarship with which the author unfolds a somewhat spicy and sensational tale. Were the scholarship just a touch more penetrating, a distinguished piece of work would have been forthcoming; were the book not so scholarly, it would have been merely one more piquant, distorted popular romance about a lady "fair and frail." Mr. Hartmann hasn't chosen the perfect mean, merely a satisfactory one.

Hortense Mancini was one of the seven nieces whom Cardinal Mazarin imported from Italy to be pawns in his political game. Marie, afterwards Princess Colonna, was the first love of the youthful Louis—it was she who spoke the oft-quoted words of parting, "Sire, vous êtes roi, vous pleurez, et je pars." Anne Marie Martinozzi was married to the Prince de Conti; Laure, her sister, was allotted to the powerful Alfonso d'Este. Of Hortense's own sisters, Marianne was married to the Duc de Bouillon, Olympe to Prince Eugène de Savoie-Carignan, and the unhappy Marie to Charles Colonna.

Of this batch of political alliances, Hortense's should have been the most brilliant. She might have had Charles II of England, but her uncle, confident of the permanency of Cromwell's régime, thought the exiled Stuart unworthy. He finally chose a persistent old admirer of hers, the Marquis de la Meilleraye, to whom she brought the title of Duc Mazarin, a large part of the Palais Mazarin, with one of the outstanding art collections in the world, and a dowry of a mere twenty-eight million livres.

After her marriage, Hortense flirted somewhat more discreetly than before, and evidenced the seriousness with which she took her new profession by bearing her husband four children in rapid succcession. The old duke, however, developed an insane jealousy of his young wife, which may or may not have been justified, and at times acted the part of an absolute lunatic. Among his more unusual acts were the smashing with an axe of some of the priceless statues in his art gallery, and bearing messages from the Archangel Gabriel to the apparently patient Louis XIV.

At any rate Hortense's home life became unbearable, and she fled to Rome where she lived with her sister Marie and behaved quite scandalously. Afterward she became indeed a vagabond duchess, wandering about in all the most intriguing and some of the most disreputable places in Europe. Curiously enough, she ended her days living on a pension from the stern William of Orange after for a time having displaced the Duchess of Portsmouth as mistress of Charles II—whose Queen she might have been.

There is little attempt to reconstruct personalities in Mr. Hartmann's biography. For the most part he is willing to rely upon the written word of Hortense and the diaries and memoires of her contemporaries. It is only when there is an obvious conflict between such authorities that the author steps in and straightens things out. Naturally, such treatment leans to heaviness, but where the material used is so light and entertaining, the final effect is satisfying to all but the most exacting.

ENGLISH WOMEN IN LIFE AND LETTERS. By *W. Phillips* and *W. S. Tomlinson*. Oxford University Press. $4.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By *Sidney Dark*. Doran. $1.50 net.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND. By *Senator Benjamin Antin*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE. By *Susan Glaspell*. Stokes. $3.

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Economics

COOPERATIVE DEMOCRACY. By JAMES PETER WARBASSE. Macmillan. 1926. $3.

Coöperation is one of those amorphous economic movements which slip into the interstices of society, unspectacularly, almost unseen. It possesses a power, however, which becomes more and more formidable, as one can understand by surveying its achievements. Mr. Warbasse has taken great pains to discover its meaning and its promise and his "Coöperative Democracy" has, by now, become the standard work in its field. Its reissue in a revised edition will serve to keep those of us informed who see in the movement a regenerative construction of new orders within the old. The strength of coöperation flows up from its roots in people's minds. Its essence is common willing to make life better through a definite institutional program. But because it starts here and there in modest nuclei, unforced, unemotionalized, highly practical and commonsense, planted in the unromantic soil of everyday experience, we are apt to neglect its phenomena, not to see its really impressive spread. We prefer to watch more highly-colored, more vociferously-supported radical movements. "Coöperative Democracy" serves to remind us. May it have many more editions!

POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY. By W. JETT LAUCK. Funk & Wagnalls. 1926. $2.

With the idea that industrial democracy is, in our time, more important than political democracy, Mr. Lauck set out to survey the advances which have latterly been made in that direction. If the result is dull, it is also thorough, and to one with any professional interest, valuable for that reason. He defines the movement by digesting the views of many interested persons and groups, and he assesses its importance, so far as he can, quantitatively. But he comes to this conclusion: "Very few plans hold out any real basis of constructive hope or action. To some extent this is due to the infancy of the movement. . . . Primarily, the reason, however, is the restricted way in which plans have been inaugurated and the lack of any sincere desire for genuine democracy in industry as the constraining force of the general movement." In spite of this devastating conclusion, he feels, the plans now in operation offer a clearly defined method once the fundamental notion shall have been grasped that it is democracy which is wanted. There are, also, five plans at present in operation which seem to him, in their small way, to fulfil the requirements. These are the ones of William S. Filene Sons of Boston, the Dutchess Bleacheries of Wappinger's Falls, the Dennison Manufacturing Company of Massachusetts, the A. Nash Company of Cincinnati, and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company plan. Of these he presents convincing digests.

Education

ADULT EDUCATION. By JOSEPH K. HART. Crowell. 1926. $2.75.

HUMANIZING EDUCATION: A Preface to a Realistic Education. By SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN. New York: The New Education Publishing Company. 1926.

EDUCATION FOR ADULTS. By FREDERICK PAUL KEPPEL. Columbia University Press. 1926. $2.

We are having bad social weather in these regions and we do not realize how bad it is. At least one would so conclude rather paradoxically from reading current literature on education. These three books give us the latest reports from local social observatories. One comes from the man who has been caught out in a storm, to wit, the hurricane caused by the Lusk Laws. Another comes from the watch tower of the *Survey*. The last comes from the well-roofed office of the Carnegie Corporation. All have abundant information, and the wonder is that the readings all agree, though each instrument records on its own scale. Something rather cataclysmic is happening, or at least it ought to happen.

The technical term for the elements that constitute social weather is "folkways". It has been taken from Sumner and signifies traditonal customs, social habits, or mores. They are the divinities that shape our ends and, like the kingdom of heaven, are within us controlling not only our behavior but also our interests, even to our righteous indignations, conscientious scruples, and esthetic tastes. For the social observer, they are also the instruments of measurement and in the terms of them he states laws of human nature. Mr. Hart is a social scientist, and at present he is surveying education. The formula works. Education has always been the device for compelling or subtly inducing the conformity of individuals to the traditional mores. In other words, education is conservative and reactionary. At least this is true of institutionalized education. Recently we have tried to reverse its function and make it a protection for individual instruction and development, but it is a losing game and we must seek another method. This other method is nothing less than a reformation of society as a whole into a decentralized collection of small town units at the center of each of which is a People's College modeled on the Danish Folk high schools. In short, it is a return to Plato's scheme of society whose aim and standard of achievement will be the continuous education of its members. Mr. Hart does not like Plato's aristocracy, and proposes democracy in its place, but otherwise the ideal is the same.

Mr. Schmalhausen also knows and hates the mores. His book is human documentary evidence of the inherent truth of Mr. Hart's theory of institutional education. He pleads in somewhat hoarse and violent tones for what he calls a realistic "disillusionment" in school instruction, especially in matters pertaining to sex, patriotism, and social theory. Even his inarticulateness reveals the bitter experience from which he writes, though one wonders whether a narrative presentation of it would not have been more effective for his purpose, which, we take it, is education for the adults who control the schools.

Mr. Keppel's thin volume is less rhetorical and more informative than either of the other two and the comparison makes one suspect that the history of the mores, though true, is not relevant to the immediate problems. Adult education may be a great social movement, and it may have important consequences for posterity and civilization, but the significant questions are not sociological. They are administrative, pedagogical, and intellectual. Mr. Keppel speaks for the first of these and points out the other two. Controlled experiment *in situ* and close watching is his advice. This is sound advice, and coming from the Carnegie Corporation whose money will undoubtedly decide some of the controversial issues that concern the future of adult education, it is prophecy as well as proposal.

It is not yet time for a definitive book on adult education. When it does come, it will have to deal more directly with the central problem of all education, which is not the humanizing of knowledge, nor the reform of society, but rather the intellectualizing of the individual. It may therefore be a fairy story, a book on astronomy, or a happy combination of abstract ideas, and say nothing about human beings and their feverish doings.

Fiction

WHEN *IS* ALWAYS? By CONINGSBY DAWSON. Cosmopolitan. 1927. $2.

The narrator and harshly tested hero of Mr. Dawson's new novel is Timothy Powell, young Oxford man, idealist, aspiring author, who at twenty-three, though as yet not self-supporting, marries an American heiress while she is visiting England with her people. In the five years which follow, misfortune so closely pursues Timmy that he pretends to commit suicide in order to free his still loving wife from being longer burdened by his failures. Disappearing, he journeys to a new land, there to begin the struggle of remaking himself. The late war aids him significantly, for he serves two years with the Canadians, is twice wounded, and discovers through the ordeal of battle the steely qualities which underlay his early weakness. After nearly five years of separation, his troubles gone now forever, Timmy is happily reunited with his wife. Handicapped though it is by an unpropitious beginning, the tale grows steadily better as it progresses, with the result that one finishes it of the opinion that the author has never written a story more genuinely readable.

PRESSURE. By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING. Harper. 1927. $2.

All the principals in this interesting story, whose scene is a Mid-West city of today, bear the pressure of alien influences, attributable to ambition to get on in the world. Young Keith Harlow barters his individuality in exchange for the toadying prosperity offered by a local capitalist, whom he serves competently in the rôle of cautious "Yes-man." The antithesis of this successful weakling, David Curtis, also employed by the same boss, stands firmly

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on his own legs, refuses to be molded, and concludes his finely virile performance by deliberate rejection of a rôle incompatible with his sense of uprightness. The feminine element is chiefly represented by Keith's wife and a courageous girl, unfairly buffeted by adversity, whom David loves. Notable in its portraiture of wholly normal and comprehensible people, the book should find warm favor among those who like fiction which pictures life as it is and not as it might be.

SACK AND SUGAR. By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

In the old days of the great Russian novelists one noticed that their Russians seemed never to have any fun, whereas the Russians one met were as ready to laugh as anyone else. Evidently there was a Russia of Gogol and the Chauve Souris as well as of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, but the latter were a literary school, a cult of distress. Modern realistic fiction, similarly and mainly, is grim and grinding, or plodding and petty, or both (that is to say, both "'ornery and 'orrid"). We all know the doctrine of it, which is three-fourths convention. In the old drama realism was humorous, while distress was idealized and spoke in measured accents. That too had a doctrine which was three-fourths convention. But the convention that realism should be lively and funny is no more conventional than the convention that it should be plodding or gloomy. The seamy side is only one side. Reality is quite apt to be odd and amusing. Real people, if one really knows them, are personal and peculiar.

This line of reflection arose from someone's remark that some of the incidents and people in Mrs. Sidgwick's book are farcical, and because, after reflection, it appeared to us that they were on the contrary very realistic. We seem to have known just such families as "Mrs. Colmar's," and just such odd things happened in their history. If we test realism by actual experience with life, is not Mrs. Sidgwick's realism more like that chequered and variant thing, as most of us know it, than, let us say, the laborious observation of Mr. Dreiser?

Walking home from a club not long ago through the midnight streets with an art critic, we were discussing theories of æsthetics, and he remarked that he needed another theory for practical use, but that in sober truth the only one he believed in was:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

At any rate "Mrs. Colmar" and her cosmopolitan family seem more understandable, as well as more entertaining, for not being psycho-analyzed. Her tale is told in the first person by "Mrs. Martin Colmar," who is a "character"—a rather wise woman after all, who loves good eating, her children, and a pampered dog named "Ludwig." If the first two affections seem to us more amiable than the last, that is perhaps only a personal point of view.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER'S "A History of New York." By WASHINGTON IRVING. Edited by STANLEY WILLIAMS and TREMAINE MCDOWELL. Harcourt, Brace. 1927.

This new edition of Knickerbocker has for its distinguishing feature a double introduction containing the background from which this famous book sprang, and an analysis of the political satire hidden in the work itself. The authors have carefully studied the reading which lay behind Irving's *jeu d'esprit*, and point out how much light scholarship of a well read man went into its composition. Their interesting conclusion is that, for all the burlesque, it is a "tolerably authentic history of the Dutch Colony" and that Irving is "a surprisingly dependable historian." They demonstrate that much of the book is contemporary satire, and it may be suspected that there is more that escapes the modern eye. Attention has been called to this interesting feature of Diedrich's book by various American scholars, some, but not all of whom are mentioned in this edition, but no thoroughgoing attempt has hitherto been made at identification. William Kieft, it is clear, is an adumbration of Thomas Jefferson, General von Poffenburgh is General James Wilkinson, the betrayer of Aaron Burr, and the fourth Book is largely a freely satiric history of Jefferson's Administration as a Federalist saw it. Further researches might discover that Walter the Doubter bears a not too remote resemblance to John Adams, as a partisan New Yorker conceived of that rosy little gentleman. The text is of the first edition of 1809, with mistakes corrected.

IDLE ISLAND. By ETHEL HUESTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

There is entertainment of a sort between the covers of "Idle Island," but we are ashamed of ourselves for having enjoyed the novel even mildly. It is all preposterous and haphazard and confused; the method of narration is cinematic in its abrupt transitions from sentiment to melodrama, cinematic likewise in its lack of real character and its reliance upon sensational episodes. Its chief concern is with a beautiful girl who chooses to live by herself on the lonely end of an island in Casco Bay. There she encounters picturesque local color and quaint personages of the typical down-East variety; she discovers a dead man on an unfrequented beach, becomes involved with a parcel of bootleggers who smuggle Chinese on the side, and finally has to be rescued from worse than death by—yes, really—the United States Coast Guard. Nor are we unprepared for the more or less continuous spectacle of love busily conquering all. It is true, however, that the ingenuousness of the novel occasionally makes us forget how poor a story it actually is.

CLAD IN PURPLE MIST. By CATHERINE DODD. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Early last year Miss Dodd's first novel, "The Farthing Spinster," was published; general opinion held it politely dull. Now her second novel appears, and this time dulness reigns unchecked. The reason for our lack of interest is the infelicitous emphasis laid upon local color. Miss Dodd lurches heavily and with misdirected persistence toward a recreation of the life of middle-class Manxmen during the first decades of the nineteenth century, and so tenacious is she in documenting her social history that the novel becomes merely a mass of minutiæ entirely without value as entertainment. The faint plot that struggles through this mass is conventional and immature, the characters are stereotypes, and the net accomplishment is approximately zero. Although possibly some placid souls will think the novel quaintly old-fashioned, the chances are that readers with anything better to do will not even bother to finish it.

DREAM'S END. By THORNE SMITH. McBride. 1927. $2.

It is sad to see so goodly a craftsman as the author of "Topper" here wasting his admirable prose in a wallow of fevered flapdoodle. The jacket of the book suggests that the tale is "a spiritual melodrama," which term as accurately describes its hectic maundering as any other. The narrator of the whole tells of an experience in his youth, when, a morbid, amatory poet, he struggles in the coils of a perverse passion for a shameless wanton and of an exalted love for a chastely beautiful girl, his soul's ideal. The latter's husband is a sadistic libertine whose subtle cruelties are slowly killing the girl wife. Knowledge of these proceedings and his hapless love for the victim so unsettle the poet's wits that he falls the prey to an hallucinated dream obsession. The lengthy nightmare is enacted by the four principals in an appropriately secluded setting, whither, twenty years after, the brooding poet returns to mourn his dead love and make his exit into the next world. Some of the more daring passages of the book resemble selected features from the program of a bawdy popshow.

JOB'S NIECE. By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

The twenty-sixth fiction volume by this popular novelist depicts the struggles of brave Doris Dunbar to hold intact her impoverished, irresponsible family after the ruin and death of her father. She accomplishes this formidable task at the cost of much travail, self-sacrifice, and patiently borne suffering, her ordeal, like Job's affliction, being finally rewarded with deliverance and ample blessings. The story, excluding exaggerations characteristic of its type, seems to be better written, more interesting and plausible than many of its author's predecessors.

BLACK BUTTERFLIES. By ELIZABETH JORDAN. Century. 1927. $2.

This tale is as light and insubstantial as the spun sugar decorations of a confectioner's ice—and just about as nourishing. The wealthy and scandalous—but not too scandalous—young heroine promises the town's model young man a fixed salary if he will marry her in name only. You see, she wants to be free to do as she likes without being scolded by the guardian in charge of her fortune and without being gossiped about by the socially elect who object to her rowdy companions (the Black Butterflies). The model young man consents, the scandalous young woman leads him a hectic existence, but eventually—well, anyone can guess the rest.

(*Continued on next page*)

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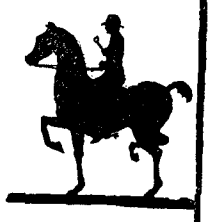

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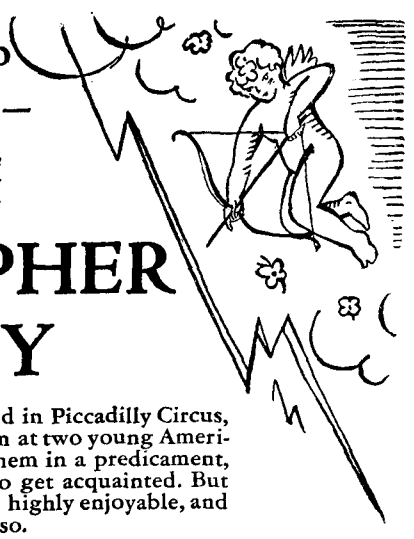

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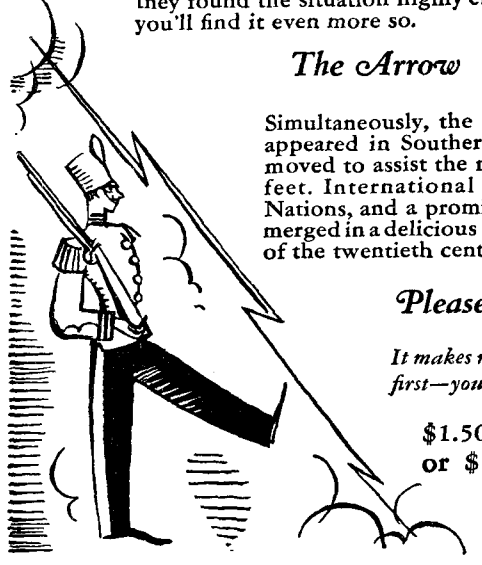

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE MARQUIS DE BOLIBAR. By LEO PERUTZ. Translated by Graham Rawson. Viking. 1927. $2.

In many ways "The Marquis de Bolibar" is unusual, and in each departure from convention we find an impressive excellence. Leo Perutz, from whose original German this novel has been ably translated by Graham Rawson, gave us last year his "From Nine to Nine," a bizarre mystery that was received with shouts of glee by the reviewers. For his second translated novel he has gone back to the Napoleonic maneuvers in Spain in 1812, where in the province of Asturias a little mountain town saw the destruction of two German regiments by the Spanish guerrillas. The novel gives the causes of that calamity, causes incredible if we regard them coolly, yet as believable as our own desires when Leo Perutz marshals them in his novel. No small responsibility for the débâcle rested upon the Marquis de Bolibar, an uncannily astute rascal, a sort of sublime hypnotist, working miracles even after he had died; although he passes from the story early in its course, he dominates it throughout, ironically and diabolically. Of course the high fantasy of the novel will scare off the pedestrian-minded; they will say, "Oh! We can't understand it. We don't know what it's all about." To the adventurers in novel-reading, however, "The Marquis de Bolibar" will be a godsend. It is virile, compelling, superb in its daring conception. If the promise of these first works of Leo Perutz to be translated is borne out into English, he will soon be a familiar and respected name in the literary world.

THE BREAKWATER. By WALTER A. DYER. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Mr. Dyer's Cape Cod story is weakened by fatuous simplicity, extreme slowness of development, and complete absence of invention. The heroine is a Provincetown sea-captain's daughter, who weds a coast guard of the Race Point life-saving station, grows weary of her monotonous environment, and for diversion dallies innocently with a member of the nearby artists' colony. She emerges sinless and repentant from the affair, which is rudely terminated by a fight between the enraged husband and the over bold lover. The best of the book is contained in chapters detailing the rescues of foundering ships' crews by life-savers.

THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL. By HENRY WADE. Payson & Clarke. 1927. $2.

The exceptional features of this detective story are that though the actual murderer is captured by Scotland Yard and tried for his life, he is acquitted, departs abroad unmolested, and sends to the foiled police an exact version of his crime's commission. The murdered remains of Sir John Smethurst, financier, are discovered, as usual, in his study, death having been inflicted by the perennial "heavy, blunt instrument" which "cracked the skull like an eggshell." Two suspects are quickly marked by the police, the victim's secretary, and a rival financier, both of whom furnish shaky alibis. Then begins the unconscionably prolonged investigation of misleading clues and theories, beneath which is concealed an exasperatingly involved plot. But in fairness to the author, it should be admitted that, until the revelation of the criminal's written confession, the reader is allowed to know as much of the truth as are the bewildered and completely beaten police.

THE WRECK OF THE "REDWING." By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW. Holt. 1927. $2.

The Pacific liner Redwing came to disaster in the Torres Straits with the loss of two hundred souls, a two-year-old orphan girl miraculously surviving, to be adopted by a rich pearling trader, Herod Pascoe, the sinister owner of Farewell Island. He enlists as tutor of the child a stranded English schoolmaster, the narrator of the tale, and it is some thirteen years after the occurrence of the shipwreck that the balance of the intensely violent action takes place. The plot derives mainly from the mystery of the castaway girl's birth and Pascoe's villainous scheming to do away with his wife in order to marry his own fully grown ward, to which are opposed the faithful schoolmaster and the young captain of Pascoe's pearling schooner. The author appears to be far more thoroughly familiar with the waters, isles, and native peoples of her story's scenes than are the majority who write of South Sea adventure.

THE DARK FIRE. By ELINOR MORDAUNT Century. 1927. $2.

We have seldom encountered a more trying method of telling a story than that which is here employed, a method which divides the tale into eight parts, each of the latter being in the form of a lengthy, epistolary document addressed by one or another of the three principals to the others. The connecting idea of the whole is to demonstrate the all-enslaving ascendancy attained by a hybrid Malayan woman over an otherwise admirable and strong-willed Englishman. This abominable charmer chains the victim to her, we are asked to believe, by means of sorcery, black magic, potent native brews, or kindred hocus-pocus, the scene of his captivity being an island of north Celebes. Indiscriminate worship and imitation of Conrad are flagrantly evident throughout the book, though if one is able to overlook the infelicities of its construction and the heavy exaggerations of its plot, the tale may prove moderately diverting.

GUNS OF GALT. By DENISON CLIFT. Clode. 1927. $2.

Galt is an important war-shipbuilding port on the Baltic, its location being the northernmost point of the Carlmanian Empire which, though not specifically identified, is apparently pre-war Germany. The leading characters bear Slavic names, but are obviously of the Teutonic persuasion. They are Jan, a gigantic ship-yard workman, his young wife Jagiello, and his little son Stefan. Cruel circumstances separate the trio, whose lives thereafter, until the close, are bitterly hard. Jan turns rebel against the grinding oppression of the monarchy, and is sentenced to ten years' servitude; Jagiello, because of her beauty, is commanded by the Emperor to undertake a perilous secret mission against an enemy power; the child Stefan being thus left to the care of strangers. France, Austria, Russia, and England declare war upon Carlmania, the concluding chapters of the tale (in our opinion the best of it) describing sea and land battles in some measure comparable to those of the late world conflict.

BURNING WITCHES. By MARIE DE MONTALVO. Sears. 1927. $2.

It should not be inferred from the title of this excellently written novel that it has to do with early New England barbarities and superstition. Witch burning is limited to the brevity of a two-page prologue, the intervening centuries being then immediately bridged to the opening of the narrative in the village of Smithstown, Kansas, during the period of the Spanish War. The heroine, Sedenna Blue, eighteen, comely, high-spirited, ends a family squabble by leaving home to earn her livelihood in New York. A year later we find her among the emancipated folk of Greenwich Village (was there such a place so long ago?), being wooed by and seducing John Bradley, a bashful, strait-laced young Bostonian. It is the woman who pays when, helpless to avert approaching motherhood, unknown to the missing John, Sedenna bears a girl baby. John, we are sure, would have done the right thing, had he known of Sedenna's plight; instead he innocently weds another. That old rogue coincidence here succeeds in bringing to pass customary improbabilities, contriving the death of Sedenna in a railroad wreck, but sparing the child, who is then adopted and reared by John and his unsuspecting wife. The remainder of the story is concerned with the life of Mary Ethelyn, Sedenna's daughter, her girlhood, education, revolt against conventions, and marriage. The greater portion of the book is very fair reading.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. By IRVIN S. COBB. Cosmopolitan. 1927. $2.

There is no perceptible reason for getting excited over Irvin Cobb's latest collection of short stories. In "Ladies and Gentlemen" he has gathered eleven lightweight tales that will perhaps amuse a placid reader. The best one is "Three Wise Men of the East Side;" here we have a story built according to the O. Henry formula, but with the vitalizing addition of a little genuine emotion. "Killed with Kindness" may be mentioned as at least ingenious. Artistry, however, seems foreign to the short story as Mr. Cobb practices it; all the examples fail to go beyond mere competence, if indeed they progress that far. The reasons for his inability to attain excellence are varied, ranging from exaggeration and obviousness to an ill-concealed desire for mere comicality. One particularly unfortunate effort is "How to Choke a Cat Without Using Butter," in which Mr. Cobb looks longingly upon the literary property of Ring Lardner. In short, "Ladies and Gentlemen" is seldom of interest and never important.

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THE TALKING WOMAN. By HORACE HORSNELL. Greenberg. 1927. $2.

The "talking" one is Sabrina, a self-important English maid of nineteen, who is constantly giving voice to her limitless potentialities for a glorious experience of life, love, and fame. She regards her intimate associates, a set of inane and pompous snobs, with a cold and tolerant superiority, electing herself to a kind of benign sovereignty over them. One of the latter, Sabrina's mother, a successful actress, twitters guilelessly of the half-baked group: "I feel sure we're awfully nice." We saw no reason at all for her certitude, nor for the author's perpetration of a novel devoid of everything except endless petty bibble-babble. Obviously, he has learned the rudiments of the writing craft, but he seems, as yet, not to realize that even more is essential, if he is to kindle and retain a reader's interest in the pages of his fiction.

THE ACE OF DANGER: An Adventure of the Lothian Coast. By AUGUSTUS MUIR. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

While fleeing from London to avoid detention by the police, Hugh Littlejohn falls in with a friendly, harassed stranger who offers him a share, as secretary-bodyguard, in imminent, but undivulged, perils. Hugh is required to accept the job blindly, pledging himself not to ask questions and to unflinchingly aid his employer in whatever hazards beset them. Together they journey to a lonely region of southeast Scotland, where their enemies soon overtake them. Brisk preliminary skirmishing by both sides leads to a pitched battle, in which the villains are put to rout and their leader slain. Then only are Hugh and the bemused reader informed of what it's all about. The story, unlike the author's novel of last year, "The Blue Bonnet," is very feeble, commonplace, and disappointing.

THE VOICE OF DASHIN. By "GANPAT" (M. L. A. GOMPERTZ). Doran. 1927. $2.

Few adventure stories have so much genuine novelty as the latest novel to come from the author who takes the pseudonym of "Ganpat." From the beginning to the final chapter, "The Voice of Dashin" has surprises for the practiced reader, and startling incidents that will hold the attention of the blasé. We read of the search through remote, bizarre districts of India and Tibet for a lost Englishman and his daughter; we see the people of those districts as human beings that capture our interest; and we do not perceive too far in advance the solution of the difficulties faced by the principal characters. Of course there is romance and restrained love-making, but we are not annoyed. Indeed, the real merits of the novel are so striking that they obscure the underlying conventionality that is inevitable in a tale built upon the formula of search and rescue. Picturesque, vivid, and convincing, "The Voice of Dashin" is written throughout with a beguiling good-humor; it will delight anyone who has a weakness for high-spirited adventure in strange lands.

A MAN OF LITTLE FAITH. By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. Penn. 1927. $2.50.

What's the matter with the clergy? Recent fiction—possibly in response to one of Mencken's syndicated pastorals — answers vociferously, "They're all wrong!" John Felton, the "Man of Little Faith," however, is hardly as wrong as Elmer Gantry, the man of none. Felton indeed starts out as a likable and conscientious young Episcopal rector. His moral fibre may be weak; it certainly is not rotten. But the temptations incident to his calling are many: there are wealthy vestrymen to placate, a worldly-minded bishop to please, and his own conscience to satisfy in regard to certain articles in the creed. Unlike Cameron, the Presbyterian minister who surrendered his pastorate because he had come to doubt the doctrine of predestination, Felton meets all his problems with compromises. And Cameron tells him in the end that the reason why the churches are empty today is because ministers no longer believe what they preach and dare not preach what they believe.

The book is an honest piece of work, much lower in pitch than the author's usual reportorial fiction. Three women, a murder, and a clandestine marriage keep it moving at a fairly good pace, and the artful dodges used by Felton to conciliate his conscience and to keep his congregation intact are analyzed with care. Characterization and plot, however, are mechanical, and the novel derives such interest as it possesses from the present preoccupation with ecclesiastical muck-raking.

YERNEY'S JUSTICE. By IVAN CANKAR. Translated from the Slovenian (Yugoslav) by LOUIS ADAMIC. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1926. Fifty cents.

Ivan Cankar, who died in 1918 at the age of forty-two, lived his life before Yugoslavia had come into existence as a political entity. Much of his time was passed in Vienna. Yet there was nothing of the Austrian about him; heart and soul he was a Slav. The bitter novelette, "Yerney's Justice," his most widely translated work, is in the familiar Russian style of the pre-Bolshevik, post-Tolstoyan days. It dates unmistakably, yet there is in it as well the timeless element of that ruthless Slavic logic which follows any presupposition out to its bitter consequences and which gives Russian realism its distinctive quality alien to the more factual realism of the West.

The presupposition of Yerney, chief hired-man of the land-owner Sitar, is that the farm to which he has given forty years of unstinted labor belongs of right to him rather than to the legal owner. This is self-evident to Yerney; the farm is his creation, the work of his hands; how then should it not belong to him? He knows nothing of the law and its ideas on such questions. But he has no desire to press his claims until his old landlord dies and the young son brutally discharges him as one who has worn out his usefulness. Then Yerney goes from court to court, from official to official, everywhere ridiculed and dismissed. At last, conceiving that human justice is but another name for force, he applies both in his own person and burns down Sitar's house. The enraged crowd gathered about the fire seizes him and throws him into the flames. The Andreiev-like symbolism is plain. Yerney, the working-class, conscious of injustice but ignorant of facts, is driven to a revolution which is self-destructive. Yet the story, as it were, incorporates this symbolism as a part of its own movement. Yerney is a profoundly touching figure. Rarely has the inhumanity of human society been more poignantly illustrated.

ANT-HILLS. By HANNAH BERMAN. With an Introduction by Paul Goodman. Payson & Clarke. 1927. $2.

This is a highly conceived and ably written story which, through the remoteness of its subject matter, seems to have but slight attraction for the majority of novel readers. It is a dreary tale of rustic Lithuanian Jews of a century ago, under the grinding despotism of Czar Nicholas I. The scene is the wretched Jewish hamlet of Strashuny, Kopel Dorfman, son of the poverty-stricken synagogue beadle, being the chief sufferer. Kopel is an ambitious, intelligent boy who aspires to better things than the squalid, impotent lot of his people. He is an apt student, keenly in accord with the advanced ideas of the village "modernists," or "Epicureans," a set of starved idealists held in ill-repute by the conservative element. For his immature heresies, Kopel is forced to leave the village, and, under the guidance of a self-seeking pedler, tries to gain a foothold in neighboring communities. As a faithful picture of the people and conditions it portrays, the book has strongly impressed us, but as fictional entertainment we found it dull and depressing.

ANN DECIDES. By ROBERT KEABLE. Putnams. 1927. $2.

Do not be deceived by the title into thinking that "Ann Decides" is one of those gay little tales wherein a sweet young thing is put to it to decide which of several promising youths she will accept as her lord and master. That is what "Ann Decides" decidedly is not. What it is, is much harder to say. The story concerns a young English Catholic priest who, after two years in a South African mission, loses his faith and withdraws from the Church. On his return to England he falls in love with a beautiful young divorcée who has sinned against the letter of the law, although, so she feels, she has kept truce with its spirit. The two start on a sort of spiritual honeymoon without benefit of clergy through the Near East. There is no obstacle to matrimony, but they are conscientious objectors, with a fine upstanding spirit. Freedom, however, leads the lady to another amorous side-path from the straight and narrow way, but she is recalled in time by the apostate priest who discovers that it is the extreme spirituality of their relationship which has made her digression possible.

A new vision of love comes to him: "while we're in the flesh, God Himself is flesh, and flesh itself a part of love." Through this love of woman he regains some kind of God and religion. Just what, remains a trifle obscure. Divine love, it seems, is in every individual, but the way

(*Continued on next page*)

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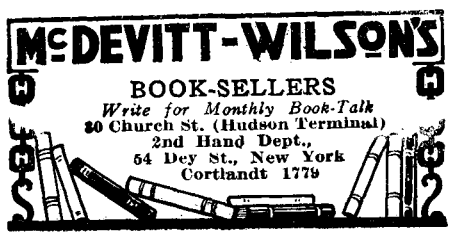

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in which it manifests itself depends upon externals. The author quotes Keyserling to make the point clear. "These externals may be inclination to a woman, the influence of appropriate surroundings, or a hard fate." And from this it follows according to Keyserling and Keable, though one does not exactly see why, that "no one can hope consciously to survive death unless he is conscious of his immortality, unless, in fact, he has lit the divine spark within him." All goes well with the lovers after this vision, and even the death of the hero is no impediment since the lady is able to smile her gladness through her tears, realizing that he has merely "gone on before." The book is not badly written, for Mr. Keable has a certain facility with his pen, but it is so obvious a playing upon the emotions that one suspects he must have produced it for those aspiring readers to whom unmarried love is "free" and to whom a shoddy mystical pollyannaism is religion.

HARANGUE. By GARET GARRETT. Dutton. 1927. $2.

Well-meaning people who feel a call to take up reform of any sort in a big and serious way should read "Harangue." In this, his fourth novel, Mr. Garrett demonstrates the human inability to attain perfection or even to go many steps on the road. For his parable he takes a Freemen's League organized to benefit the common man, gives it political control of a mid-Western agricultural state, furnishes it with a modest allowance of brains and money, and then watches—gleefully and cynically—the crash that inevitably overtakes it. Throughout the narrative there are discussions of coöperative merchandizing, socialism, communism, the I. W. W., and every apposite topic. In fact the novel, although it has a fairly good plot, is essentially a textbook of reform-movements. Its purpose is didactic, its characters are vehicles for contrasting ideas, and altogether it gives a stimulating panorama of the realm it surveys. The volume is not light entertainment, of course, nor is it literature; but it is entirely respectable artistically and should be noted by those whose intellectual interests it touches.

DEEP ENOUGH. By MALCOLM ROSS. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

The author of this first novel has the ability to write vividly, and he has material of genuine freshness and interest, which he clearly knows at first hand. Of plot there is almost none. His hero goes from New York to the Southwest, loses his bankroll in a holdup, and has to rough it—that is all. First he threads oil-pipe in Oklahoma; then he peddles groceries in a Ford in the oil-fields; then he goes to the copper mines of Bisbee, Arizona, where he cleans up rock after blasts and pushes cars of spongy muck along the mine-shafts; and finally he starts home by way of Juarez. In the course of his wanderings he meets various girls, good and bad, and makes fast friends of various miners and rough frontier characters. But it is the description of the work he does, in oil fields and copper mines, which gives the book what distinction it has. Much of this reads like a transcript from actual experience. The hero's psychological response to the strain, the agonizing exhaustion, and the danger is well done. Jerry Sands becomes real in these pages, and ceases to be real when he is transferred back to a world of ease and softness and feminine society.

JONAH & CO. By DORNFORD YATES. Minton, Balch. 1927. $2.

Here is champagne, light and heady, with a swift sparkle. The wine of youth brims over in this blithe tale. The joy of life, distilled by Jonah & Co. leads six young English people a giddy chase. It is all a mad ferment of motors and mirth. A gay group, they follow the law of caprice, they move swiftly through space. Off they race, down to Pau, where for a winter they turn that land into a playground while they follow the call of fortune and romance. Never a mission nor a moral nor a message! To them life is a magnificent comic gesture and they salute it with a flourish.

The author has a gift for the ridiculous and a talent for clowning. There is that sense of farce, as though time itself staged a continuous carnival for these harlequins who high-hat it from Pau to Spain and home again. With a deft touch upon the wheels of Ping and Pong, those twin miracles of speed, Dornford Yates sweeps us along with Jonah, Berry, and the rest of that merry crew of husbands-in-law and wives, out of the perils of gambling and speeding into the toils of robbers and swindlers. Action turns into suspense to tease the reader along.

The dialogue conveys an easy charm and plays us tricks of delightful nonsense. There is an absurd account of a bath when Berry risks his life for the sake of a tub of hot water. And then that comedy of the smuggled cigarettes! By way of contrast to hilarity the author strikes a deeper note in a poignant episode, sharply told, in which Jonah finds again the horse he rode and lost in the war.

This story has the defects of its virtues in the sense that it is loosely woven and the many details create confusion. Yet the effect remains, a bright extravagance. With facile grace Mr. Yates sustains the surface of suave fiction to lure us to the Happy End.

ALPHA. By EMERY BALINT. Translated from the Hungarian by LOUIS RITTENBERG. New York: Macy-Masius. 1927. $2.

This lion of expressionism refuses to lie down with the lamb of exposition. There may be writing about it and about, but in the end first hand acquaintance is the only possible way of gaining any insight into the psychological pyrotechnics that make up such a book as "Alpha." It is a threat and an insult and a groan hurled in the face of the universe. It is the burning vapor that arises from a cauldron of boiling hatred. But no hatred ever arose to such unbelievable intensity without being born of repudiated hope and love and sympathy. One who had not loved and hoped for man could never have written this abysmal horror of his degradation. The book is the outcome of the years of intellectual futility in war-driven and war-wrecked Europe. It is a snarl of protest against the modern monster nicknamed civilization which tramples under its blood-and-filth clotted feet the frail shoots which might have become beauty and reason and virtue, in the untortured life of man.

The book has a startling vitality and even sanity plainly discernible beneath its envenomed chaoticism. This Imré Balint, Hungarian author, shows a strength that leaves open the possibility of books to come less narrowed to the single theme of resentment against modernity. In the maelstrom of horror which is the book there are strange, sharp scenes of beauty and flashes of intuitive sympathy which show the capacities of the author were he minded to move along more conventional pathways. There are no accidents in the book; the intent is as rational as the outcome is chaotic. Imré Balint is a fully conscious artist. But "Alpha" is not an easy book to read. The constant cannonading of scenes is fatiguing to the senses and the reiteration of the orgiastic and insanity *motifs* becomes tiresome; and there is much that is gibberingly obscure.

The story is the Odyssey of Alpha. Futility is his lot; love and art betray him; war, where he had hoped for expiation, brings only further corruption; in a small village he spends a *Walpurgis Nacht* interval and finally sets fire to the little town. The peasants find him dead in the shadow of a cross. The final paragraph gives much of the tone of the whole book.

> Then came the miracle. Just as the peasants spat upon and stuck their pitchforks into the body, Christ descended from the cross. He raised His arm protectingly over Alpha and said. . . .
>
> "Ye shall not harm him . . . he is my child!"
>
> Panic-stricken, the simple folk scurried in all directions. . . .
>
> This, however, may be but a figment of the imagination.

THE BIRD OF FIRE. By MARIA MORAVSKY. Crowell. 1927. $2.

Miss Moravsky has already published works in Russian and Polish, but this novel is her first in English. She shows a certain unfamiliarity with the acquired tongue, particularly in her vocabulary and in the stiff dryness of her style. But, nevertheless, her narrative of the few days preceding the outbreak of the Russian Revolution has considerable force. There is much interest in her account, presumably fictionized from her own experiences in Russia at the time, of the unrest and despair that darkened the calmness before the storm. For central character we find a young Russian prince whose sympathies are with the people; and from his dealings with his family on the one hand, and with the peasants on the other, we go far toward understanding the spirit of the Revolution. Few scenes of actual rebellion are given, however, and these come on the last fifty pages. The novel is informative rather than moving; obviously the plot and characters were less important to Miss Moravsky than the period in which they move. Although it has the merits of honesty and earnestness, "The Bird of Fire" is too specialized in its appeal to make much headway with the general public.

Foreign

BOURGES PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *C. J. Gignoux*. Paris: Le Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

MARSEILLE PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *P. Mason*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

AMERICANISCHE PROSA. By *Walther Fischer*. Leipzig: Teubner.

LE ROMAN AMERICAIN. By *Régis Michaud*. Paris: Boivin.

History

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By V. O. KLUCHEVSKY. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. IV. Dutton. 1926. $4.50.

In the history of Russia the name of Peter the Great means the end of the Muscovy period and the beginning of the Imperial period of Russia. In the history of the world Peter the Great is recognized as one of the greatest rulers. In the history of leadership he appears as a gigantic Genius. From a purely human standpoint his personality is unique. Its manifoldedness astounds; its resourcefulness stupifies; its picturesqueness strikes our imagination. Naturally, his figure has attracted great interest from novelists, psychologists, historians, and students of genius. They have depicted his personality in the most contrasting ways, beginning with the picture of a Tarzanlike giant Czar and ending with that of a sober statesman. There is no need to say that such extreme pictures are overdrawn. He who wants to know the real Peter the Great, and why and how he came to be what he was, should turn to the reviewed book of Kluchevsky. There is scarcely another book which can serve this purpose as well as does the fourth volume of Kluchevsky's "History of Russia." The author is one of the greatest historians of Russia and at the same time one of the greatest artists of historical narrative. His work is a unique combination of history as a science, and history as a masterful art. You may read the volume as one of the most enchanting novels, and as the most competent history of Russia for the period from 1672 to 1762. These few lines of unqualified praise and unreserved admiration must suffice to give to the reader an idea of Kluchevsky's book.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By *L. F. Salzman*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A HISTORY OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC. By *Charles E. Chapman*. Macmillan. $5.

CHINA: YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By *E. T. Williams*. Revised Edition. Crowell. $4.50 net.

ANCIENT RECORDS OF ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA. By *D. D. Luckenbill*. University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. $8.

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THE WAR MYTH IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. By *C. H. Hamlin*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

HEROES OF AVIATION. By *Laurence La Tourette Driggs*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

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A NEW APPROACH TO AMERICAN HISTORY. By *D. C. Bailey*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

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THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE GREEKS. By *John Myres*. Abingdon. $2.50.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH. By *William S. Stryker*. Edited by *William Starr Myers*. Princeton University Press.

DIPLOMATIC EPISODES IN MEXICO, BELGIUM, AND CHILE. By *Henry Lane Wilson*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. Edited by *Samuel Flagg Bemis*. Knopf. $4 net.

LIFE AND WORK IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE. By *P. Boissonade*. Knopf.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *Robert Granville Caldwell*. Vol. II. Putnams. $3.75.

RICHARD II AN IRELAND. By *Edmund Curtis*. Oxford University Press. $5.

A HISTORY OF BARBADOS. By *Vincent T. Harlow*. Oxford University Press. $7.

International

THE NEW KOREA. By ALLEYNE IRELAND. Dutton. 1927. $5.

This glorified governmental report on the Japanese administration in Korea leaves the inquiring reader quite unsatisfied. It will hardly enhance Mr. Ireland's reputation as an authority on colonial government. It tells us much of what the Japanese authorities are trying to do with this, their largest dependency; it tells us how they are doing it and why. It purports to tell us of results, but the results mentioned in the book are merely the Japanese statistical results. Nowhere do we get any suggestion of the Korean attitude, their reaction to this interesting experiment "of one civilized race ruling another civilized race." The thing is all bones and skeleton: there is no flesh and blood to it. The mere mechanics of colonial administration are only important as they produce results in the life of the people governed. It is of little value to the prospective fisherman to know what bait the other man is using unless he knows what he is catching. Of the size and quality of the Korean catch we get no hint from Mr. Ireland's book. We learn the Japanese method but we are left wholly in the dark as to its effects upon the Koreans. Figures on the mileage of roads built, of foreign trade, of banks and their deposits, are mere figures unless we know who uses the roads, who profits from the foreign trade, and who makes the deposits. After all of the author's effort, we have no means of knowing whether the Japanese administration of Korea is the best in the world or the worst in the world, or somewhere in between.

A redeeming feature of Mr. Ireland's book is the introductory chapter on the moral quality of the imperialist principle. It might well be studied by all ardent and uncritical advocates of "self-determination."

CHINESE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By HARLEY FARNSWORTH MACNAIR. The Commercial Press, Limited. 1926. $2. (Mex.)

This volume of delightful essays will afford several thoroughly enjoyable hours to the dispassionate student of China and her problems. The zealous advocate of Chinese Nationalism will find them far too critical of the Chinese; the case-hardened treaty-port merchant, who demands force to put the Chinese "in their place," will find them far too liberal. The novice who is looking for a book which will "give him some idea of what is going on in China" will find them beyond his depth.

Professor MacNair knows the Chinese and can write of them without undue emotion. He can discuss treaties and the rights of the Powers without becoming vehement. He can examine the status of Christian missions without praying. And he can speak of Bolshevism without "seeing red." With these rare qualities he combines a style which may or may not "compare favorably with Emerson," as a review printed on the jacket asserts, but which has a distinctly pleasing flavor of its own.

The essay which gives the book its title handles a difficult subject with fairness to both sides and finds the present situation not "calculated to stimulate a spirit of bubbling optimism." "On American Ignorance of Things Oriental" reads Americans a lesson and then takes the sting out by showing that the English are even more ignorant than we. "Unequal Treaties in China and Japan" should be perused much more carefully than it will be by the Chinese students. The several papers on missions and Christianity in China are as sane and well-balanced as anything the reviewer has seen on this subject. "Thoughts on Racial Equality" is perhaps the least satisfying of the collection.

SOVIET VERSUS CIVILIZATION. By *Augar*. Appleton. $1.50.

THE WORLD IN THE MAKING. By *Count Hermann Keyserling*. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

PERIODS OF PRINTING. Edited by STANLEY MORISON: I. The Italian Sixteenth Century, by A. F. JOHNSON; II. Spanish Sixteenth Century Printing, by HENRY THOMAS; III. The First Century of Printing at Basle, by A. F. JOHNSON. Scribners. 1927. $3.50 each.

These three volumes—the first of a projected series under the general editorship of Stanley Morison, are incidental but valuable results of the present very great interest in printing. Each volume is made up of an essay (in the case of the present volumes, that by Mr. Thomas seems most acceptable) followed by fifty reproductions of typical work of the period under consideration. The rendering of the examples in line, rather than in half-tone or heliotype, is quite the most satisfactory way, besides being much more economical. There are no collections of examples anywhere available for so moderate a price, and the books will be a boon to any typographer seeking to learn how printing was done in the past, and handicapped, as most of us are, by not being able to place our hands on such work in the originals.

The Italian sixteenth century was distinguished for the use of italic letters of great charm and grace. Such italics as those of Blado and Arrighi (now being revived) are here shown in the original setting, and show with what freedom and amplitude the typographers of that day worked. The specimens of Spanish printing, especially those in black-letter, offer many suggestions to the present-day printer, and supplement Updike's chapter on such work. Basle printing is less interesting as typography—there was too much of the modern spirit of mass production about the work of such outstanding men as Froben to allow of esthetic success. But in the case of this book, as of the others, it is well to have such models about, if for no other reason than to know what to avoid.

This series of books is one of the most encouraging publishing ventures in the field of typography which we have seen, and deserves to be on the shelves of all printers.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A NEWSPAPER MAN. By E. J. STACKPOLE. Lippincott. 1927. $5.

In these rather disconnected chapters the proprietor of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* gives the reader glimpses of the politics and politicians of Pennsylvania during the fifty years of his association with them. They include some dramatic episodes, such as Quay's struggles to retain his leadership, Wanamaker's bid for the Senatorship, and the burning of the State capitol. Mr. Stackpole's sympathies with the Republican organization—he frankly says that he is "one of those who believe that, in our system of government, to the victor belongs the spoils"—prevent him from taking a detached position; besides, he is a sketchy writer. The result is that his pictures of famous political contests are fragmentary and much less stirring than they might be, even though drawn by a partisan. Nor is he consistent in his explanations of political moves. On page 82 Quay blights John P. Elkin's aspirations for the Senatorship because he fears Elkin's growing influence. For the same reason he removes Elkin from the political arena by elevating him to the serene atmosphere of the State Supreme Court. On page 94 Elkin's elevation becomes a "bit of magnanimity on Quay's part." It is easy to see which of these contradictory diagnoses is the true one.

Mr. Stackpole's long observation of politics leads him to make an occasional comment which is no less true for being

(*Continued on next page*)

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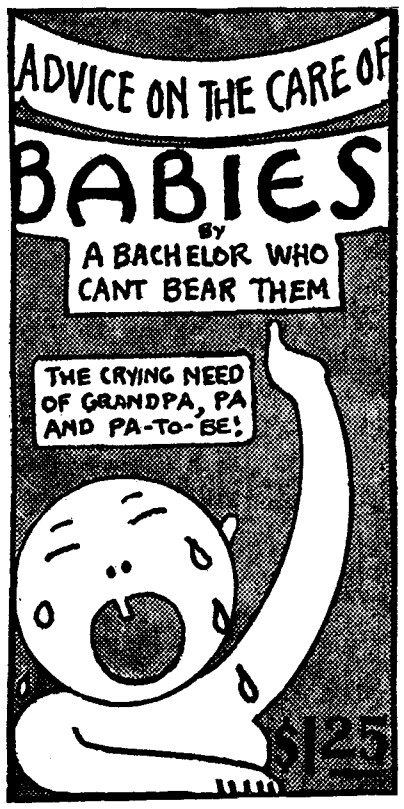

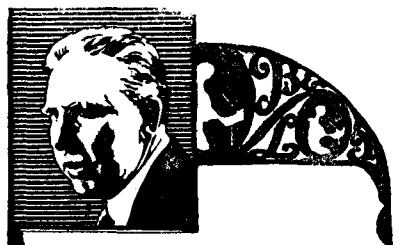

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Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

an illustration of the wish that is father to the thought. Thus he is on solid ground when he remarks: "Politicians may always be trusted to counteract the effects of any electoral change that would impair the integrity and vital fighting qualities of an organization." He makes an odd slip on page 23, where he says that the Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican national convention of 1880 voted during 306 ballots for a third term for Grant. The famous 306 was not the number of ballots taken—Garfield was nominated on the thirty-sixth—but the number of delegates who stood by Grant to the bitter end.

Brief Mention

MR. VINAL INTRODUCES——*

HAROLD VINAL is an indefatigable publisher of modern poetry. Within recent months twenty-seven of his volumes have accumulated upon our desk. Through all of these we have roved and ranged. A few we have discarded. One poet of distinction emerges from them, *Beatrice Ravenel*, author of "The Arrow of Lightning." Another, *J. H. Wallis*, is memorable.

Most of the poems in these books are the result of what we may call the super-induced poetic mood; they are not the result of the true frenzy kindling unusual technical power. The poetic manner is merely a poetic manner. It is not hard to learn. It is not hard for a spirit fairly sensitive to find relief in verse that scans adequately. Here are over twenty poets, but there may be twenty times twenty in this country, for all we know, who by a little study and the desire to write, could equal a good deal of this work.

Spring and autumn, love and death, the vagabond impulse, landscape close at hand or fantastically imagined, all forms of vague disillusionment, New Testament incident, didactic brevities, nocturnes, dream roses, sunrise prayers, poems about flowers and birds and God in a garden or God in the Grand Canon or God almost anywhere else; these are suggested by such book titles as "Threads," "Gray Songs," "Moon Shadows," "Sardonyx," "Dust and Spray," "Wind Tossed Leaves," and so on. In the main they run true to form. But now for a little individual examination.

We are going to reverse an old critical process and keep the good wine until the end. The lesser books we pick up at random. Here is "Moon Shadows" by *Sherman Ripley*. It opens with three twelve-line poems and expands into several sonnets. Then it shows more variety. But the first section is hardly remarkable, even in "Pictures" and "San Toy." The second section, "Reflections of the Martian," is a little more original; the last, "Moonshine," decidedly the best. It is composed of humorous verses, some of which have appeared in *Life*,—not overwhelmingly humorous, and the parodies are not particularly good,—but Mr. Ripley has a sense of humor, which is more than can be said for many minor poets.

"Crimson Feather," by *Mabel Vollintine*. The publisher speaks on her jacket of "infectious gaiety." She begins, it is true, with an invocation to "Jack o' Dreams," wishes on the new moon, follows the trail (being prairie-born) on her pony, and tells how the blackbird sings Spring. But, in the main, her gaiety is not superabundant. And her versification is often extremely flat.

Oh, just for once may there be no jazz,—
no syncopated prance!
Let us dance as they danced at Avignon,
And thrill to Old Romance.

Her narrative on "The Temple Cat" is perhaps her best poem here; but we fear that that is not saying a great deal.

The workmanship of "Green Acres" by *Vivian Yeiser Laramore*, and "Late Adventure" by *Lena Hall*, is rather better. The author of the first is a Southern poet. Her verse is simple, ingenuous, and rather trivial. There are mildly pleasant things in it such as

Who walked the beach last night
Was poet of a kind,
With pockets for delight,
The songs he left behind
Are sonnets in a shell
And rondels in a reef:

It takes the tide to tell
Why beauty should be brief.

This verse also well illustrates her limitations. As to Miss Hall, though she is evidently a cultivated woman with a rather fatal facility in the sonnet form, there is little in her book that strikes us forcibly. This sestet from her sonnet "Discovery" may be taken as a fair example of her best:

A woman holds her child through the long
night,
Nerved to resistance, impotent of breath,
Swinging a slow adventure with the wild
Entanglement and weakness of her fright,
Till a quick morning leaves her unbeguiled,—
Apprised that death is the slow fear of
death.

Miss *Dorothy Quick*, who gives us "Threads," is advertised as a protegé of Mark Twain. Her verses are small and unassuming. They are not in any way impressive. "Gray Songs," by *Mercy Baldwin*, have slightly more individuality, but not much. *Ruth Victoria Inglis* of "Little Pictures" writes of California flowers and trees at times. But if you said her work was by Mercy Baldwin or *vice versa*, it would seem perfectly natural. "Tumbleweeds," by *Margarette Ball Dickson*, is entirely sonnets, even the "Love Lyrics." They are well-intentioned. The author is a prominent club-woman of the Middle West. *Mildred Weston's* "The Singing Hill" contains many such phrases as "Night! You are exquisite: The velvet lining In the gold train of the sun," "Out on the windy hill last night I flew my spirit like a kite," and "I have been racing through the rain And I am drenched with fun." "Poems," by *Faith Wadsworth Collins*, niece of the late *Rose Terry Cook*, begins with rain and ocean sunset, and tide in the pass, and a rosy cloud, but "The Death of Alys the Rose" (in which, by the way, Philip the Fat was involved), and "The Wounded Palmides to Iseult" and "Lord Ruric and Fair Elinore" show her love of anciently. They are not such good anciently at that. But they are better than some of the other poems. The title-poem of *Eleanor C. Koenig's* "Herb Woman" is rather good in a simple fashion. In fact, here is a small volume that has more pungency than those which have gone before. There are dull pages, but there is the clear lyricism of "True Love in Sorrow" which lifts an obvious theme into simple beauty. There are the lucidly moving "Farmer's Boy," "Second Marriage," and "The Straw;" and the longest poem, "Metamorphoses," breaks into rather surprising intensity of expression. Miss Koenig may have a future. There is much description of places in *Lena Whittaker Blakeney's* "Ports of Call," but the description is uninspired. There are home places, Tulsa and the Blue Ridge. There are London and Paris and Venice and the Alps and Africa and Cuba, with Sicily and Genneseret. A few of the pictures are fairly vivid, and the portrait of the *nouveau riche* lady in Oklahoma has a rather good ending. But that is all. As for the song lyrics of *Nellie Richmond Eberhardt*, "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water and Other Songs for Music," Lillian Nordica first made the title-poem familiar, and McCormack and Gluck, Bonci, Jeritza, and others have sung them. There is a preface by the author on "The Writing of Song Lyrics." "The young aspiring lyricist may here find a text book, if not a literary feast," she says, quite sensibly. "Flesh and Spirit," by *Kate L. Dickinson*, is half made up of religious poems. Her work is much more living than that of *Martha A. Boughton* in "Mystery and Other Poems."

Let us turn to the men. If some of the women have versified badly, what of *Arthur Truman Merrill* in "White Music"?

Or a taut-drawn sliver beyond the sky's
edges,
Shot from a quiver of light into saline
marsh sedges?

Say true!—Was it you?—or you?—Or
you?
Ah beshrew, my Heart, beshrew!
It was you! It was you!

Mr. Merrill can do better than that, but his wind phantasy and his "Mist" do not indicate it. He crowds much color into "A Mongol Bazaar" and "Taos" and "The Colorado Canyon," the last being possibly his best, but his experimentation leaves much to be desired. *Joachim Aviron's* "Songs of Supremacy" are staccato utterances, beginning with a Whitmaniac celebration of self and ending with some lines of beauty strangled in verbiage. *Harold Leland Chaffey's* "Dust and Spray" hints of Frost in the first part and of Masefield in the last, though this kind of thing is a mere travesty of the latter:

Give me a star in the sky—
I'll take her far and wide;
Or the sun to steer her by,
When I'm bound for the great outside.

His "Chase" and "Age" are a good deal better.

W. W. Christman is familiar with the birds of the Helderhills, and in his "Songs of the Helderhills" refers to them often charmingly. "September Evening" is an accomplished bit of natural description. *Victor Zorin's* "Wind Tossed Leaves" is more ambitious and not as good. *Danford Barney's* "Sardonyx" is ambitious also, but, though Mr. Barney is often vague, he seems to write from considerable experience, and his style, if not especially distinguished, is far better than Mr. Zorin's. Mr. Barney often seems to us to spin out his verses interminably. He is melodious, however, and, in his second section, the best of his three, with the exception of the poem, "The Lilies of the Field," he is at his best. We prefer, however, the concision of *Morris Abel Beer*, in "Street Lamps," though he lilts like a poet of the periodicals. We do not prefer what he has to say, as he talks too much about the profession of the poet, though with some graceful or amusing remarks about other things. Beer is graceful at his very best, and that is about all.

"Laughter of Omnipotence" by *J. H. Wallis* is in another category. Wallis is a man of cultivation, and, what is far more, of profound introspection. His book should interest *homo sapiens*. His study of the thoughts of an old man dying, his remarkable poem. "The Cycle," are far above the usual tosh. He decorates his poems hardly at all, but he expresses his thought with great clarity. His poem, "Thirst for the Waters of Life," has a communicated intensity. "Hypnagogic Illusions," "Books," "Finis," "To Some Elderly Ladies," "To My Distant Love," all have an original turn. Were Thomas Hardy an American he would certainly have written "The New Year" no better and would have seen the Broadway pageant at that time with the same eyes. There is true sentiment—not sentimentality—in Mr. Wallis's poems to his children. There is fascinating ratiocination in many of his poems. As, for instance,

To make a mind eternal were
A feat in no way mightier
Than to transmute the physical
To mental entity at all.

If one can prove of man that he
Is such a mental entity,
The claim to endless life appears
To have some weight against his fears.

But where and how can any find
Proof of the oneness of a mind?
And if no ego, why complain
Of Death and all his pseudo-slain?

"Poppies and Mandragora" is a handful of poems by the dead *Edgar Saltus*. Manneredly antique most of them seem now. There are occasional hints of Swinburne and Wilde, notably in the line, "beautiful as an uncommitted sin," a typically Wildean line, which Saltus liked so well that he used it in two different sonnets. Twenty-three additional poems are added by Mrs. Saltus, his widow, of chief interest as showing Mr. Saltus's influence upon her style. "These People," by *Howard McKinley Corning*, though owing something to the influence of Robert Frost, contains some well-written and interesting work, in "The Ballad of Abraham's Bosom," "Deserted Mining Town," "Rustic," "Elegy for a Mountain Boy," and "Finding Heaven." The influence of Edwin Arlington Robinson is also apparent, strongly apparent in such a poem as "Shackled." But Mr. Corning shows considerable promise for all that.

The last shall be first when we come to *Beatrice Ravenel's* "The Arrow of Lightning." This book is full of beautiful and original phrase, and this greatly talented Carolinian gives vividly the atmosphere and drama of the region of the country that she knows. Her poem on "The Alligator," on "The Yemassee Lands"—her "Coasts" from "Tidewater," her brilliant poem on "The Pirates," these are only several instances of her mastery of free verse. The soliloquy of "Poe's Mother," which opens the volume is memorably reconstructed. Free verse is an excessively difficult medium. The number of successful poems written in it today are few. But Miss Ravenel has vitalized not galvanized it. She uses it as a vehicle for new material and her choice of epithet and her vigor of expression are refreshing. "The Arrow of Lightning" is certainly among the best of recent books of poetry.

*Each of the volumes mentioned is published at $1.50, with the exception of those by Mr. Corning and Mr. Saltus, which are priced, respectively, at $1.75 and $2. All may be obtained from Harold Vinal at 562 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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The Reader's Guide

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

CRAVEN HOUSE. By *Patrick Hamilton.* (Houghton Mifflin).
HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA. By *Frank H. Simonds.* (Doubleday, Page).
THE WHITE ROOSTER. By *George O'Neil.* (Boni & Liveright).

C. H., New York City, asks for party-books, with suggestions for amateur entertainments, including young people and children.

"PLANNING YOUR PARTY," by Emily Rose Burt (Harper), "Parties that Are Different," by Ethel Owen (Abingdon), and "Putnam's Book of Parties," by Marguerite Aspinwall (Putnam), are the latest additions to this equipment: the last named promises to outfit anything from children's birthdays to golden weddings. "Suppose We Play," by Imogen Clark (Crowell), is especially for children and young people; there are indoor and outdoor games, and a section on mind-twisters full of charades, riddles, anagrams, and the like.

There is of course a simpler method, which is to order a copy of "Ask Me Another" (Viking), and let nature take its course. I am appalled to find how high a rating I make in these tests: my head must bulge with irrelevant and unnecessary facts. How on earth did I stow them away, one who must copy the title of a book from the cover to get it right, and when asked the number of steps on her own brownstone stoop, "with a blush retire"? To my knowledge this book has entertained an eightieth-birthday luncheon and thrown a life-preserver to a worldly young woman, called without warning to teach a Sunday-school class. The Biblical quiz went over with a rush. Then there is an even easier way: carry a copy of A. P. Herbert's "She Shanties" (Doubleday, Page), into any party in a parlor and begin to read one in a rapid and unemotional manner. "Don't let's go to the dogs tonight, for mother will be there," "I wouldn't be too lady-like . . . ," "I go all girlish on Saturday night," or the tale of "Banana the Bore," will have on adults the same effect that "When We Were Very Young" has on children.

I CANNOT let the tide of travel set toward Spain again without taking the chance to call to the attention of my readers "The Spanish Journey," by Julius Meyer-Graefe (Harcourt, Brace), even if this is not a present-day book. It was written twenty years ago, in German, and has been all this time gaining ground as a great travel-book, but in an excellent English translation it has just come from the press of Harcourt, Brace. This translation is by J. Holroyd Reece. This is another illustration of the great truth that he who goes to a foreign country in search of one especial thing sees more of the country in general than one who goes to see the sights. Meyer-Graefe, a famous art critic, went after El Greco—and the ecstasy with which he found him spreads to the reader—but how much else he saw of Spain, and how brilliantly he tells it!

S. H., New York, asks if H. D.'s "At Baia" appears in the volume "Heliodora"?

"AT BAIA" is in the volume of "Collected Poems" of "H. D." (Hilda Doolittle), published by Boni & Liveright, not in "Heliodora" (Houghton Mifflin). The poem "Heliodora" figures in a small beloved book-list of my own, comprising explanations by writers of the processes by which life is transmuted into literature. "Heliodora" is a poet's poem: taking one into the mind of a creator during the process of creation. Another entry is this curious and thought-provoking novel, "Shadows Waiting," by Eleanor Carroll Chilton (Day), which shows in detail how a novelits's life may be reborn in his novel, all its external features unrecognizable and its soul intact. The third on my list is Miguel de Unamuno's "Comme On Fait un Roman," which appeared in the *Mercure de France* last summer, and opens a window into a novelist's mind and the heart of Unamunian philosophy. As this is so largely a matter of heart, the result is revelation.

In a recent textbook of civics for secondary schools I saw a picture of a happy American home showing five members of a family grouped around the drop-light, three with their noses in books and the others with their ears hitched to a radio. One may gather from this the great thought that what breaks up the home is conversation among its members. This thought would strengthen by reading the conversations in three of the best books about the American family that have lately appeared, "Pa," by Margaret Ashmun (Macmillan), "Andy Brandt's Ark," by Edna Bryner (Dutton), and "Islanders," by Helen Hull (Macmillan). Miss Ashmun has written a number of blameless books for girls, so uplifting that some venom must surely have collected in her system for lack of literary outlet. The result is a completely ruthless group portrait in which the high lights fall on an octogenarian who keeps his place in the sun by refusing to sell a rod of his land. I hope this remarkable novel gets the attention it deserves. Another relentless one is Miss Bryner's story of a girl who has pulled herself away from a family that has given her nothing but complications and embarrassments, and established herself in the world where she really belongs, but who answers a Macedonian cry from them, keeping just detached enough to make her effective. The third novel justifies the hopes that the readers of Miss Hull have had of her ever since "Labyrinth;" it concerns the spiritual and economic "island" on which women were so often marooned until this generation, and the struggles of one woman to keep another from being a castaway there.

If there is among the clients of this department a study-club composed entirely of ex-doughboys, I cheerfully recommend to them "Bill Myron," by Dean Fales (Dutton), but I shiver at the thought of its reception in some other sections. The book consists of one completely realized character, Bill himself, and several hastily sketched people for him to bawl out in the most picturesque invective of recent years; but his grand outburst is reserved for the Y. M. C. A. The plot is for the most part hopeless melodrama, but somehow I keep wondering what the next novel from this writer will be like. Returning to polite society, we have two studies in recuperation, Anne Parrish's "To-Morrow Morning" (Harper), and a new story of a woman of fifty-four, "Jen Culliton," by Nelia Gardner White (Appleton). Jen begins the book a broken woman, believing her life over, and lives another lifetime before the last chapter, a robust and enviable one at that.

The historical novel is represented by a tale of the time of Christ, Irving Bacheller's "Dawn" (Macmillan), which seems to have a chance for a popularity approaching that of "Ben Hur," another of the same period soon to come from Donn Byrne, "Brother Saul" (Century), of which the publishers speak emphatically, and for more recent times, "The Drums of Aulone," by Robert W. Chambers (Appleton), which opens at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV, goes to Whitehall and the English court, and ends at Quebec, and "Forever Free," by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Morrow), a novel lasting through two of the most crowded years of the life of Lincoln and taking him for its central character. I am soon to print, in answer to another question, a list of recent translations, so I include here no foreign novels, but in "The Fourteen Thumbs of St. Peter," by Joice M. Nankivell (Dutton), you may find a spirited and apparently first-hand account of life in Russia under the new régime.

I would include a couple of volumes of short stories, first of all Mary Borden's "Four O'Clock" (Doubleday, Page), in which one tale, "No Verdicts," runs clear away from all the others and indeed from all other short stories of the year, and reveals itself as a little masterpiece. Another unusual collection is William Gerhardi's "Pretty Creatures" (Duffield), in which I find again "The Vanity Bag" that I read somewhere, I think in England, last year, and for which I had been vainly searching. There is nothing like this in the fortright reports of life in Washington set down in Mary Badger Wilson's "The Painted City" (Stokes), but she does manage to transmit to the reader, more successfully than any other writer in my opinion, the prime characteristic of life in the national capital, the air of transcience and unsubstantiality.

(Continued on next page)

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

H. T. C., Philadelphia, embarking upon a course of home-study and realizing that somewhat perfunctory schooling has left him mentally at loose ends, asks if anything has been written on the principles of study as such, not of studying one subject in particular.

THERE must have been many such books, but the one I have read through is a tiny manual by William Cunningham of the High School of Commerce, Boston, "Character, Conduct, and Study" (Putnam), prepared for the Boston Head Masters' Association. The portentous title kept me from reading it for some weeks, but once past the first chapters you come upon a succinct, practicable set of directions for getting to work and making all the moments count.

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Have You Read

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STOKES BOOKS

H. C. H., Rutherford, N. J., asks for books that might stimulate an interest in mining engineering in a boy just graduating from a preparatory school.

APPARENTLY the profession doesn't care a rap whether anyone adopts it or not. Most books on mining would tend to drive a boy away, and as for vocational aids, if you want to be a mining engineer you just go and be one if you can get through Columbia, Lehigh, or the Missouri School of Mines, but none of these institutions will stretch out a hand to beckon you in. In John Hays Hammond's "The Engineer" (Scribner), a book on the choice of a profession, there is a chapter on the mining engineer. The most inspiring works would be the biographies: Vernon Kellogg's "Herbert Hoover" (Appleton), Rose Wilder Lane's "The Making of Herbert Hoover" (Century), E. T. MacCarthy's "Incidents in the Life of a Mining Engineer" and "Further Incidents" (Dutton), Raphael Pumpelly's "My Reminiscences" (Holt), and Chase Osborn's life on the Iron Range as described in "The Iron Hunter" (Macmillan), a book that I have found a favorite even with quite young boys. Possibly Archibald Williams's "Romance of Modern Mining" (Lippincott), might help, too.

R. D. F., Winnipeg, Canada, R. F. B., New York, and C. B. F., Tulsa, Okla., ask for novels of recent date suitable for review by reading-clubs.

THE time will come, I suppose, when I will be finding hidden beauties in "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking), such as I long since found in "Lolly Willowes," but at the moment I am quite content to bask in just the words, the pictures that they carry, and the ineffable comfort of the style. On a Polynesian island named Fanua—which by some miracle never once gets printed as Fauna—a missionary has made but one convert and unconverted himself in the process. "Some missionaries might have been galled by this state of things," says Miss Warner, "or if too good to be galled, at least flustered." This last word, settling like thistledown on the first page, gives the wise reader a thrill of prescient satisfaction. How gently and graciously slip past the days upon Fanua! How delectable a way of slipping through hours is provided by this book!

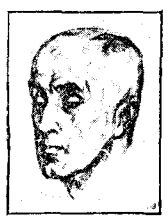
Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "The Old Countess" (Houghton Mifflin), so flashes and flames that it makes other books seem drab beside it; but one that could not be made to change color is "The House Without Windows," by Barbara Newhall Follett (Knopf), the most important piece of prose by a child for more than one generation. "The Admiral and Others," by Peggy Temple (Dutton), is the report of an amused twelve-year-old upon the antics of a parcel of grown-ups; it will delight twenty where Barbara's Eepersip charms but one, yet Eepersip offers to a grown-up world a chance, unique in literature, to look into a time of life that children themselves so swiftly forget.

M. B. P., Glens Falls, asks for a study-outline of comparative religions.

DR. HUME'S "The World's Living Religions" (Scribner), is accurate (more so than the brilliant "This Believing World" can take time to be), interesting, and arranged for home or school study. Some of the books lately named in this column for another inquirer would make supplementary reading.

Starling

By
CHRISTOPHER WARD



WHAT, if anything, makes a loveless marriage binding is but one of the questions raised in this story of a "brilliant match" in a social set that finds in a sporting existence the highest expression of life.

* * *

N. B.—Among other things STARLING contains "the best description of a fox hunt in our recent literature. All the glamor, the zestful gayety is there."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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Points of View

Proof of the Pudding

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

When a new system is presented to the public, the function of the reviewer, I take it, is twofold: first to indicate his own reaction to it; secondly, to furnish to his readers such information as will enable them to decide whether they wish to know more about it or not. In reviewing Professor Edith Rickert's "New Methods for the Study of Literature," Father Donnelly has admirably performed the first of these functions. He has made it perfectly clear that he regards the new methods as perverse and worthless. But I think he has failed to furnish the reader with accurate information concerning the methods themselves.

His first charge is that "With the exception of one chapter on Imagery, the entire book is taken up in the study of words, singly and combined, and chiefly of their sounds." And he compares her study of words to "a chemical or a spectroscopic analysis of the pigments on a canvas."

The first part of the charge is true. Literature is composed solely of words, just as painting is composed solely of colors. And while it is true that a chemical or a spectroscopic analysis of pigments has little or nothing to do with painting, the positions and forms of the patches of colors on the canvas are the painting and are all there is of it. If the painter does not choose and place his colors so as to convey his conception, art has no further resource for him; he must resort to psychic methods of thought transference. Miss Rickert has pointed out, with truth, that in studying the literary qualities of a piece of literature the only thing the student has before him is the medium, that is the words and combinations of words in which the writer's thought is expressed.

The art of literature is the only art in which the public believes that the mind of the artist can communicate with the mind of the public, as Father Donnelly seems to suggest, by some direct occult process. Painters and musicians have taught us that success in their arts is impossible except on the basis of a training in the technique of placing colors and combining sounds, and that it is only by an understanding of technique that any real interpretation of the art becomes possible.

The very essence of Miss Rickert's study is that she focuses attention, not upon the individual elements but upon the patterns into which they are woven by the artist; in other words, she gives, not a chemical analysis of the pigments, but a study of the forms and the distribution of the colors in the painting.

Father Donnelly's objection that her methods suppose "literature to be oral or sounded, whereas it is mostly written," is, to say the least, very surprising. Literature is certainly mainly written, but what reader of written literature—even if he no longer painfully forms his words with his lips as he reads—fails to hear with the inner ear the melodies and harmonies of the written speech?

How fundamental to Miss Rickert's methods is the effort to treat style as a vital organism in all the elaboration of its actual functioning may be glimpsed from the mere headings of the chapters: I Introductory: Reasons and Methods, 24 pages; II Imagery, 49 pages; III Words, 36 pages; IV Thought Patterns, 38 pages; V Rhythm, 42 pages; VI Tone Patterns, 51 pages; VII Visual Devices, 20 pages.

The chapter on Imagery does not deal, as might be expected, with figurative language, but with the power of words and combinations of words to stimulate in the reader's mind the recreation of the sense experiences of the writer. The study of the different types of imagery and different methods of presentation—ready-made, synthetic, and dynamic—is one of the most vivifying contributions I know of to methods of study and appreciation. In the chapter on Words, only six of the thirty-six pages are devoted to word-length; the rest, to such subjects as proportions of words of different meanings and functions, extent of vocabulary, associational values of words, and phrasing.

But I do not wish to write another review. In conclusion I will say only that one of the best tests of the educational value of the methods is that they incite students to do voluntarily incredible amounts of work. Father Donnelly may well say that he envies Miss Rickert her students and their willingness to work. As a matter of fact, I have never known a course in which students have carried out such laborious tasks as class after class voluntarily and with enthusiasm accomplishes in this course on the Technique of Literature. As Miss Rickert says in her preface, the book is practically made up of their contributions. They believe in the methods and a group of them has organized itself for the preparation of a volume designed to present them in simplified form for use in junior college work. It is proverbial that the proof of the pudding is not in the form it presents to the eye of the bystander but in the gusto with which the consumer chews even the string.

JOHN M. MANLY.
University of Chicago.

Brief Reviews

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I rush into type to express a hope that you will not be influenced by the objection of Rose Wilder Lane (March 5) to your brief reviews of books. One realizes that the individual author dislikes being relegated to a two-paragraph review, but it would seem that an editor could not push sympathy too far.

Occasionally I buy a book from one of these brief reviews. Many a book can be adequately, and favorably, presented in a third of a column. From one such review, intelligent and sympathetic, I purchased Miss Parrish's "Semi-Attached," a charming book whose flippant title misrepresents it. I am perhaps a typical reader of the *Review*, an educated person who buys two or three books a month, and far from thinking a brief report inadequate, I think it often happens that a book deserving a third of a column is too kindly given a third or more of a page.

May I recommend for your private perusal "The Comedians," by Louis Couperus? I think it is literature in the grand tradition.

J. M. C.
Asheville, N. C.

"Marcabrun"

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:
Sir,

Although I am distressingly aware of the error of replying to one's critics, it seems that the criticism of "Marcabrun" published in your issue of January 29, 1927, reveals so great a misunderstanding as to justify this breach of etiquette.

Misled possibly by the faint resemblance between the name of the city Poitiers (Department of Vienne, 37,600 inhabitants) and the imaginary realm of Poictesme, the critic has so completely mistaken my purpose as to hold up James Branch Cabell as the goal toward which I must inevitably have been aiming and to judge the book by its nonconformity to this model. If the scene of my book had been laid in Hellas or Helsingfors, he would undoubtedly, on the same principle, have compared it with Dante's Inferno.

In the writing of a purely biographical work based on minute historical research, an author attempts to avoid both the "precise blend of fable, adventure, philosophy, and wit that James Branch Cabell has attained," and any other blend of these essentially fantastic qualities. Marcabrun was a well known major poet whose influence on all European lyric poetry from the twelfth century to the present is so predominant as to justify his being called "the father of lyric poetry." The main events of my book took place on the very days of the years, months, and weeks ascribed to them; and the principal characters are too historically prominent to allow any great breadth of invention. Such slight embellishments as the writer contributed to the story were intended merely to suggest a possible explanation of the astounding variety of Marcabrun's genius and to express his profound reverence for the genius of the three great poets, William of Aquitaine, Cercamon, and Marcabrun.

Poitiers is on the other side of a dozen worlds from Mr. Cabell's Poictesme. The twelfth century happened seven hundred years before Mr. Cabell, and Marcabrun was making current and expert use of the Occitanian synonyms for all nine of the tabooed Anglo-Saxon monosyllables a correspondingly long time before Jurgen's pleasant persiflage ever irritated the Anti-Vice Society.

As for Marcabrun's calling a lady a "prime harlot," if anyone be curious as to what he really did call her, let him consult any of the original lines that the worthy Dr. Dejeanne, who edited his complete works, translates by a chaste row of dots.

Paris. RAMON GUTHRIE.

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Books of the Spring

(*Continued from page 762*)

(Harcourt, Brace), by Constance Mayfield Rourke, a life of Henry Ward Beecher written with an almost Stracheyan swing; "A Methodist Saint" (Knopf), by Herbert Asbury; Cameron Rogers's "Colonel Bob Ingersoll" (Doubleday, Page); "The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr." (Brentanos); "Circus Parade" (A. & C. Boni), by Jim Tully, and "Struggles and Triumphs" (Knopf), edited by George S. Bryan, a recasting of Barnum's autobiography and "Barnum's Own Story," a revision from the same sources which the Viking Press is bringing out. Leonard Huxley's "Life of Darwin" (Greenberg), should likewise be mentioned, as should also two books of totally different type, H. T.'s "As It Were" (Harper's), a remarkable, intimate document, and Elizabeth Jaffray's "Secrets of the White House" (Cosmopolitan), a book of trifling character which nevertheless has some interest.

A work that lies between the fields of biography and *belles lettres* and that is one of the most important studies of the kind of recent years is John Livingston Lowe's "The Road to Xanadu" (Houghton Mifflin), a life of Coleridge and analysis of his literary achievements. Into the category of *belles lettres* fall Herbert L. Stewart's "Anatole France" (Dodd, Mead), "The Romance of America as Told in Literature" (Doubleday, Page), by John Macy; "Studies from Nine Literatures" (Scribner's), by Ernest Boyd; "The Stream of Life in Contemporary Literature" (Scribner's), a volume of literary essays by the late Stuart P. Sherman; "The Later Realists" (University of Chicago Press), by Walter L. Myers; "Pages in Waiting" (Putnam), a collection of literary impressions by James Milne, and "Southern Literary Studies," issued by the University of North Carolina.

In "The Golden Complex" (Day) Lee Wilson Dodd presents "a defense of inferiority," while in a new volume of essays G. K. Chesterton writes "The Outline of Sanity" (Dodd, Mead). A volume of essays of philosophic import and of quite outstanding quality is Paul Valéry's "Variety" (Harcourt, Brace), which has been admirably rendered into English by Malcolm Cowley. Another stimulating collection of discussions is Wyndham Lewis's "The Lion and the Fox" (Harper's), while also interesting is Gregory Mason's "Artistic Ideals" (Norton). Stokes has issued a volume entitled "Mirrors of the Year" in which, under the editorship of Grant Overton, a number of well known men and women present a bird's-eye view of activity in various fields during the past year. Two volumes of nature sketches that should be mentioned are issued by Dutton, "The Old Stag," by Henry Williamson, and "Winterwise," by Zephine Humphrey. Sherwood Anderson's "A New Testament" (Boni & Liveright), and Paul Claudel's "Letters to A Doubter" (A. & C. Boni), are to come. A book full of wisdom as well as humor, one to read aloud to a judiciously selected audience is Don Marquis's "The Almost Perfect State" (Doubleday, Page); in it some of the most felicitous pasages that originally appeared in Mr. Marquis's column have found harborage. Two other sprightly volumes are Robert Benchley and Gluyas B. Williams's "Why Call It Anything?" (Holt), and "That's New York" (Macy-Masius), by Morris Markey.

Drama and poetry have rather a slight representation, though the latter can show a new volume of poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson, "Tristram" (Macmillan), and a first volume of exceptionally high character in George O'Neil's "The White Rooster" (Boni & Liveright). Humbert Wolfe's "News of the Devil" (Holt) is another book of which lovers of poetry should take notice. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman" (Harpers), has had wide publicity in connection with the premiere of Deems Taylor's opera of which it forms the libretto, and W. Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife" (Doran) is still drawing large houses though it has run all winter in New York. McBride has issued another New York success, Paul Green's "In Abraham's Bosom," and Boni & Liveright is to bring out Eugene O'Neill's satirical dramatization of the life and journeys of Marco Polo under the title "Marco Millions." The first volume of what is to be an exhaustive and authentic "History of the New York Stage," written by George C. D. O'Neill, has been issued by the Columbia University Press.

To pass from the arts to history. Putnam has recently published Fr. Funck-Brentano's "The Earliest Times," a chronicle of France, forming a prelude to its author's earlier work on the Middle Ages in the National History of France series, and the same firm is issuing the second volume of Hilaire Belloc's "A History of England." The Oxford University Press has brought out two new volumes in its interesting series depicting the manners and customs of other days, "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century," by A. S. Turberville, and "English Women in Life and Letters." From Scribner's comes "Life in the Regency and Early Victorian Times," by E. Beresford Chancellor, and from the Harvard University Press "The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century," by Charles H. Haskins. The first volume of the Cambridge History of the British Empire, "The Old Empire," proceeding from the beginnings to 1783 is hot from the press of Macmillan which is publishing another work of importance in "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Another chronicle of America by a recognized authority is "The History of the United States during Lincoln's Administration" (Appleton), by John Bach McMaster, while what should be a piquant history is promised in Hendrik Van Loon's "America" (Boni & Liveright). Gertrude Atherton, so many of whose novels have had a California background, is publishing "An Intimate History" of that state (Boni & Liveright), and Sarah Gertrude Millin, whose reputation also was made in fiction, has written a volume on the South Africans (Boni & Liveright). In "France and America" (Houghton Mifflin) André Tardieu precedes a discussion of American activities in France during the recent war and of the present and future relations of the two countries with six chapters of brilliant and fascinating analysis of the historical contacts of the nations in the past. A book that is soon to appear and that should prove of high interest to the same group of readers as Tardieu's is Bernard Fay's "The Revolutionary Spirit in France and in the United States at the Close of the Eighteenth Century" (Harcourt, Brace). To those who take an active interest in international relations, Henry Lane Wilson's "Diplomatic Episodes in Mexico, Belgium, and Chile" (Doubleday, Page) should make appeal. This public, too, should welcome Henry Kittredge Norton's "China and the Powers" (Day), Archibald Cary Coolidge's "Ten Years of War and Peace" (Harvard University Press), André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace), and George Stewart's "The White Armies of Russia" (Dodd, Mead).

The mention of armies carries us over to volumes on the war among which should be noted Jonathan French Scott's "Five Weeks" (Day), a rehearsing of sentiment as it prevailed in the weeks immediately preceding the outbreak of the conflict, based upon an exhaustive study of the newspaper accounts of the period; Joseph Delteil's "The Poilus" (Minton, Balch), a study of the French soldier by the author whose Joan of Arc last year roused much interest; Winston Churchill's "The World Crisis" (Scribner's), a work loaded with explosive material; Major-General Henry A. Allen's "The Rhineland Occupation" (Bobbs-Merrill), Bruce Bairnsfather's "Carry On!" (Bobbs-Merrill), and John. J. Nile's "Singing Soldiers" (Scribners). One of the oustanding books of the season, and a record that would be notable at any time is the thrilling chronicle by that romantic figure T. E. Lawrence whose name is already beginning to assume the importance of legend, "Revolt in the Desert" (Doran). The vivid pictorial sense of the author, in conjunction with a fine respect for accuracy and the highly dramatic nature of his personal chronicle makes this a memorable book.

Talking of legends reminds us that Charles W. Wood has published an interesting volume entitled "The Myth of the Individual" (Day). Simon & Schuster have put out a new edition of the works of Plato, edited by Irwin Edman, and of Schopenhauer, edited by Will Durant of "Story of Philosophy" fame. That book, incidentally, continues on its triumphant career, still rolling up enormous sales. From Harcourt, Brace has come a profound study of literature from the philosophical angle in Ramon Fernandez's "Messages" and "The Natural History of Our Conduct," by William E. Ritter. The same firm is issuing Hermann Keyserling's "The World in the Making," while Scribner's is bringing out "Platonism and the Spiritual Life," by George Santayana.

And that leaves us with a miscellaneous collection of books still to consider, one of the most interesting of which is "Getting Your Money's Worth" (Macmillan), by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlinka, a study in the waste of the consumer's dollar. Carter Glass's sensational chronicle, "An Adventure in Constructive Finance" which ran in the New York *Evening Post*, now appears in book form from the press of Doubleday, Page & Company. Macmillan is promising what should be an important volume in Carl Snyder's "Business Cycles and Business Measurements." We remember a book of Mr. Snyder's in a totally different field that appeared some years ago, and cannot but believe that no one who could expound cosmic phenomena as eloquently as he did in "The World Machine" cannot touch any topic without making it vital.

Several scientific books of large general interest have either just appeared or are announced. Among them mention should be made of Henshaw Ward's "Exploring the Universe" (Bobbs-Merrill) and C. E. Ayres's "Science: The False Messiah" (Bobbs-Merrill); H. J. Massingham's "Downland Man" (Doran), a protest against neo-Darwinism; and William Foster's "The Romance of Chemistry" (Century). Hans Heinz Ewers's "The Ant People" has been translated and is issued by Dodd, Mead and Harcourt, Brace has brought out a volume by C. F. Lyel, entitled "The Magic of Herbs." A complementary study, by A. L. Wall, is issued by Lippincott, under the title "Four Thousand Years of Pharmacy."

We almost forgot before in enumerating recent books of importance to include William Z. Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street" (Little, Brown), which when it ran in magazine form created a flurry in Wall Street. And we mustn't forget to include in this list of miscellaneous books Bliss Perry's graceful essays of an angler, "Pools and Ripples" (Little, Brown), or Paul Bekker's interesting "Story of Music" (Norton). Le Baron Russell Briggs, formerly a beloved Harvard dean, so touches with charm everything he does that even charades produced by him take on the character of literature sufficiently to justify mention of his forthcoming "Riddles in Rhyme" (Washburn & Thomas) here. And incidentally while we are out of the beaten track of literature we might state that Minton, Balch has issued a volume entitled "Contract Bridge and Advanced Auction Bidding," by Geoffrey Mott-Smith, and that Duffield is announcing "Football: Today and Tomorrow," by William H. Roper.

And now to conclude, only travel remains, We bring our list to an end by enumerating the following books in varied vein on journeying: "Jungle Paths and Inca Ruins" (Century), by William Montgomery McGovern; "Berbers and Blacks" (Century), by General David P. Barrows; "First Crossing of the Polar Sea" (Doran), by Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth; "Some United States" (Doran), in which Irwin Cobb writes in semi-jocular mood; "In China" (Dutton), by Abel Bonnard; "Brimstone and Chili" (Knopf), by Carleton Beals; "Across Arctic America" (Putnam), by Knut Rasmussen; "Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes" (Scribner's), by Thomas Gann; "By-Ways of the Tropic Seas" (Macrae-Smith), by Hermann Norden, and "Indian Journey" (A. & C. Boni), by Waldemar Bonsels. And last, though they do not strictly belong in the category of travel, "The Sea: Its History and Romance" (McBride), by Frank C. Bowen, and Walter Dexter's "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimage" (Lippincott), deserve mention.

The Continental Typefounders Association, Inc., 248 West 40th Street, has issued a catalogue of "Continental Types" making a comprehensive display of foreign types and borders imported from the European founders. The faces of type displayed includes the original Caslon, Eve, Narcissus, Lutetia, Astree, Sylvan, Greco Bold, Cambridge Borders, and Unicorn Initials, and Fournier ornaments comprising borders and flowers cast from matrices over a hundred years old and forgotten for a long period. No American typographer today can ignore the work of the best European designers. The modern post-war spirit, which so vitalized Continental typography, breaking down restraints and blazing a brilliant path into new fields, has arrested the attention of all students of printing. The selections printed in this catalogue represent a careful choice from European foundries. It includes not only display types for the advertiser, but conservative text types for the printer who would give his choicer works a spirit of distinction.

The posthumous study of the brilliant sick man, Oscar Wilde, continues with constant enrichment. The latest volume on the subject is "Oscar Wilde" (Perrin), by Professor L.-F. Choisy of the University of Geneva, a penetrating critic and psychologist, who shows the causes of the "admiration and pity, sympathy and disgust" felt for the author of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol."

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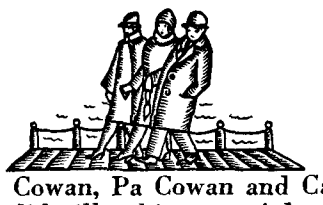

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The Phoenix Nest

"THE Son of the Grand Eunuch," by *Charles Pettit* somewhat approaches being as amusing as Voltaire and as cruel as China. . . .

They should have called that other Oriental fantasy "The Green Dulacquer Pavilion." . . .

One of the most pleasantly hair-raising concoctions of improbabilities we have read for some time is the story "The Snout" in *Edward Lucas White's* "Lukundoo and Other Stories" (Doran). It cheered us with its wildness just as some of the earlier stories of *Robert W. Chambers* and *Gouverneur Morris* did, when they went in for the hair-raising. . . . . .

Somebody ought to compile an anthology of the best hair-raising short stories, entitle it "Go Up Thou Baldhead," and dedicate it to the three bares. . . .

An important work that all the literate should at once devour in two volumes is *Vernon Louis Parrington's* "Main Currents in American Literature." Parrington is Professor of English in the University of Washington. His first volume is on "The Colonial Mind, 1620-1800," his second on "The Romantic Revolution in America, 1800-1860." Four dollars secure both from Harcourt, Brace. . . .

When we came upon a publicity note headed, "Coolidge Writes an Epic of the Navajos," it gave us a start. But, of course, it's *Dane Coolidge*. . . .

The April issue of *The Virginia Quarterly Review* has a new spring suit of terra cotta, which now makes it look less like *The Yale Review*. The typography still continues to remind us, however, of that periodical. . . .

G. K. Chesterton's new novel is "The Return of Don Quixote" (Dodd, Mead). The famous old gentleman of La Mancha riding into the midst of an English house party in a hansom cab is a pleasant idea. What Chesterton has him tilt at is the standardization and sham realism of today. . . .

The only one-volume collection of *Lord Byron's* letters is published by Scribners. It's "Lord Byron in His Letters," edited by *V. H. Collins*. A companion volume of table-talk might be, "Lord Byron in His Cups." . . .

Virginia Woolf now comes before us again with "To the Lighthouse," a novel dealing with an English family living in the Hebrides. . . .

Sinclair Lewis has been motoring in Touraine and through the chateau country, and plans to live in a cottage in southern France this summer. . . .

Appleton has published a facsimile edition of the rare Appleton 1866 edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." *Mabel Osgood Wright* in "My New York," thus describes the volume as she saw it as a child:

> Father's friend, Mr. Appleton the publisher had sent it to me. The leaves were gilt edged, the cover was of red linen framing a little girl with long hair who was holding a small pig in her arms as if it were a doll. . . . Mother and Father were going to Professor Botta's to meet Mr. Longfellow, so sister Bea said if I would go to bed early she would read "Alice" to me. But when the time came for putting out the light, the Duchess had just thrown the sneezing baby at Alice and it was beginning to turn into a pig—and I simply had to know what happened next.

Well, so *Seward Collins* and *Burton Rascoe* are buying the *Bookman* and taking it over in July. . . .

Well, so *Ed Howe's* daughter has won the Dodd, Mead prize for a novel. She is *Mrs. Matiel Howe Farnham* of here. And *Mazo de la Roche* of Toronto has pulled down ten grand from the *Atlantic Monthly* as another prize. We once read Mazo's "Explorers of the Dawn" and thought it extremely charming. . . .

Charles Divine relays the news that his first novel, "Cognac Hill," has been accepted for publication by Payson & Clarke of 6 East 53rd Street and will be on their Fall list. . . .

An entertaining trifle is "The Prose of Seraphin, a Study in the Language of a Senegalian Finch," by *William Patterson*, author of "The Rhythm of Prose," of which two hundred copies have been printed by and for the author. The booklet is dedicated to the memory of *Theodore Roosevelt*. . . .

From the second and April number of *The Prairie Schooner* (University of Nebraska) we cull these paragraphs on *Willa Cather* by *Robert N. Lasch*, who "knew her when"

> She was a wild little girl, riding her pony in the late 'eighties over the new wind-blown prairies of Nebraska. The daughter of a rancher near Red Cloud, she was an enthusiastic creature with a love for the prairie sunsets, a love for pale flowers and for everything delicately beautiful, and a love for her quaint neighbors, most of whom had come over from Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, only a few years before. She was a strange bundle of deep desires, rich appreciations, and superworldly rhapsodies.
>
> A tan-skinned girl with flashing, china-blue eyes and short clipped hair; a girl who wore a small-brimmed sailor hat, a box coat with mannish lapels, a man's shirt with high collars that fastened under the chin—this was Willa Cather as you might have seen her, say, in 1895 or 1896, when she was a student at the University of Nebraska.
>
> Yes, we heard the sensational Ballet Mecanique. The most entertaining evening we have ever had at Carnegie. And the reactions of the audience contributed no little to that entertainment. The Jazz Symphony, which we heard from behind the scenes, we liked a lot, especially the *jazz trumpet*. *And Antheil's ballet is the* greatest cataract of sound that ever flattened us out on the matting. . . .

Raimon DeLei, who wrote "Trails of the Troubadours," is, we have discovered, *Professor R. D. Jameson* of Tsing Hua College, Peking, China. . . .

And, speaking of China, Appleton advises the following books about it,—naturally all theirs: *Gowen* and *Hall's* "An Outline History of China"; *Giles's* "A History of Chinese Literature"; *John Taintor Foote's* "The Number One Boy" (Boxer Rebellion); *Elizabeth Enders's* "Temple Bells and Silver Sails"; *General Wilson's* "China"; *Roy Chapman Andrews's* and *Yvetta Andrews's* "Camps and Trails in China"; *Andrews's* "Across Mongolian Plains"; *Elsie McCormick's* "Audacious Angles on China"; *Stanley K. Hornbeck's* "Contemporary Politics in the Far East"; *John Stuart Thomson's* "Bud and Bamboo" (Chinese children). . . .

In connection with the dramatization of *Bram Stoker's* famous "Dracula" which was produced last Valentine's Day in London at the Little Theatre, the home of the Grand Guignol, Mrs. Stoker, widow of the author, had this to say about the writing of the novel:

> When he was at work on "Dracula" we were all frightened of him. It was up on a lonely part of the east coast of Scotland, and he seemed to get obsessed by the spirit of the thing. There he would sit for hours, like a great bat, perched on the rocks of the shore, or wander alone up and down the sandhills thinking it out.

Stuff and Nonsense, A Magazine of No Importance, comes to us again from Bryn Athyn, Pa., and brings with it a couple of good anecdotes. One is to the effect that *Dr. Howard Kelly* of Baltimore has remarked that if *H. L. Mencken* would put a "photospectroheliograph on his ramshackle tergiversating cerebrum" he would find he was "something of a synentognathous physoclistous levirate leventine belone with peridsodactyl affinities," or, to put it in plain language, "an acanthroptecygian lophobranch not far removed from a plectognathic sesquipedalian orthopter." The second anecdote is to the effect that two strayed revelers attended a performance of *Hampden's* "Caponsacchi." On going out the male inquired of the female, "Who'd you say wrote that slosh?" "*Browning*," replied the lady. "Huh," in deep disgust, "no wonder 'Peaches' left him." . . .

Speaking of Mencken, *Joseph B. Harrison* has written "A Short View of Menckenism in Menckenese." It is Number One of the University of Washington Chap Books edited by *Glenn Hughes*. . . .

H. G. Wells and *William Gerhardi* have met at last, at the home of Lord Beaverbrook. Entering the dining-room Gerhardi stepped aside to let Wells go in first. The latter would not hear of it. "No," Wells said, "you go first—you are tomorrow, I am yesterday." . . .

William Rothenstein's "Portrait Drawings," with a preface by *Max Beerbohm* and 101 collotype plates, is limited to 150 copies. It comes to us from England through the Viking Press. . . .

Through overinterest and superfluity of enthusiasm *The Saturday Review* recently ran an advertisement of *Anne Douglas Sedgwick's* "The Old Countess" considerably ahead of the book's release. It did not appear until the first of April. This is to make apology to the publisher, Houghton, Mifflin. . . .

And we meant to thank a number of correspondents, and now we have no room. Well, wait until next week. There are various communications we are avid to discuss with you. . . .

Anon, anon!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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Our favorite pastime in this department is Breaking Office Rules. That's the chief value of an *Inner Sanctum*. It is Against Our Policy to feature quotations from reviews too conspicuously, but rules or policies go windward when *Conrad Aiken* in *The New York Evening Post* lashes out with a tribute like this for *Arthur Schnitzler's* latest novel, *Rhapsody:*

> "*Rhapsody* is in some respects the most exquisite thing *Schnitzler* has done. If it lacks the tragic force and sharply defined psychological determinism of *Fräulein Else* . . . . . it more than compensates for this in its greater poetic freedom and fulness . . . . . The whole novelette is, in fact, a poem of exquisite richness and loveliness: it has almost the saturated and heavy sensuous beauty of a modern *Eve of Saint Agnes* in prose. And it is not only a poem. It is also a profound analysis of two personalities, and of an intricate and subtle psychological situation. It is life itself, told in the iridescent language of a dream."

The Whoops Sisters, those bemuffed and beflounced ladies who romp through the pages of *The New Yorker* every week, to the mad guffaws of the cognoscenti, are rapidly becoming An American Institution. One of the official spokesmen of Times Square informs us that they will soon appear in the new *Americana* revue, in a comic strip, in a popular song, in the movies, and—now that the secret's out—in a devastatingly funny novel, written and illustrated by their creator, *Peter Arno*. The title, of course, is *Whoops Dearie* and the publisher—how did you guess it?—*Simon and Schuster*. Ready soon.

The celebrated and uproarious series in *The New Yorker* began quite casually with a single cartoon showing the Whoops Sisters in a restaurant:

> "*Tripe? Oh, I'm mad about tripe!*"
> "*Me too! I always said I'd do almost anything for a bit o' tripe!*"

This whimsy drew so many bravos that *Arno* (fresh from Yale) was urged to do a second dialogue sketch of the same dear old ladies. This time he injected the phrase "*Whoops Dearie!*" in the rejoinder—and the American Language was thereupon enriched with another illustrious phrase.

Will Durant's introduction to *The Story of Philosophy* sheds new light on the *Ask Me Another* craze. For one thing, Socrates probably started the frenzy with his street-corner inquiries in Athens. For another, the lure of philosophy is best summed up by Durant's reference to *Mitya* in *The Brothers Karamazov*—"one of those who don't want millions, but answers to their questions."

Gelett Burgess sends word from Paris that in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to the latest Cross Word Puzzle Book—Seventh Series. From her California ranch, La Estancia, *Kathleen Norris* reports that it took her 57 minutes to conquer Puzzle Number 310. "*It was great fun!*"

Sidney S. Lenz, the world's champion bridge player, recently refused a bona fide offer of $1,000 for a single bridge lesson. The mathematical wizards in our sales department did some lightning calculation and figured that each copy of *Lenz on Bridge* is therefore worth more than $300,000. Your bookseller will let you have it for $2.50 and throw in the rules of Contract Bridge for good measure.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

Sale of Braislin Library

PART II of the library of Dr. William C. Braislin, consisting mainly of Americana relating to the Central and Far West, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, April 4, 5, and 6, 885 lots bringing $23,736.52. The two parts sold for $48,376.50. The rarer lots in this sale brought high prices, the competition being keen and widespread.

A few of the more unusual lots and the prices realized were the following:

Lahontan (Baron de). "New Voyages to North America," with maps and plates. 2 vols., 8vo, calf, London, 1703. Rare first English edition. $110.

Ledyard (John). "A Journal of Captain Cook's last Voyage to the Pacific Ocean," etc., 12mo, original calf, Hartford, 1783. $115.

Leonard (Zenas). "Narrative of Adventures," etc., 8vo, original half leather, Clearfield, Penn., 1839. Said to be not
or 5 known copies. $720.
orth (James). "Route from Liver-
Great Salt Lake Valley," folding
o, original leather, Liverpool, 1855.

on (Viscount) and Cheadle (W. B.).
xpedition across the Rocky Moun-
nto British Columbia," etc., 8vo,
cloth, London, 1865. $140.
on Territory. "Report on the Ter-
f Oregon, by a Committee appointed
eeting of the Citizens of Columbus,
o collect Information in relation
24 pp., 8vo, stitched, uncut, Col-
Ohio, 1843. $510.
er (Joel). "Journal of Travels
e Rocky Mountains, to the Mouth
Columbia River," etc., small 8vo,
wrappers, Cincinnati, 1847. Con-
one of the best accounts of the
Trail. $400.
er (Mary). "Mary Palmer, the
Captive of the Genesee," 8vo, orig-
torial wrappers, Rochester, 1847.
ly rare Indian captivity. $330.
(James O.). "The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie," etc., 8vo, original calf, Cincinnati, 1831. Excessively rare first edition. $525.

Plimpton (F. B.). "The Lost Child, or, The Child claimed by Two Mothers," 8vo, original wrappers, Cleveland, 1852. First edition and second copy at public sale. $75.

Priest (Joseph). "The Captivity and Sufferings of Freegift Patchin, of Bleinheim, Scoharie County, among the Indians under Brant, the noted Chief," etc., 12mo, calf by Reviere, Albany, 1833. Rare in fine condition. $320.

Reid (John C.). "Reid's Tramp; or, a Journal of the Incidents of Ten Months' Travel through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora, and California," etc., 8vo, original cloth, Selma, Ala., 1858. But few copies known. $550.

Reynolds (John). "My Own Times," 12mo, original black cloth, Belleville, Ill., 1852. First edition. $105.

Reynolds (John). "Friendship's Offering," 8vo, original cloth, Belleville, Ill., 1858. One of two known copies. $200.

Seaver (James E.). "A Narrative of Mrs. Jemison," etc., 16mo, original boards, Canandaigua, 1824. Extremely rare. $200.

Sedgely (Joseph). "Overland to California in 1849," 8vo, original cloth, Oakland, 1877. $100.

Sherwood (J. Ely). "California: Her Wealth and Resources," 8vo, original wrappers, New York, 1848. $170.

Simpson (Henry I.). "The Emigrant's Guide to the Gold Mines," folding map, 8vo, wrappers, New York, 1848. One of the earliest guides. $180.

Slater (Nelson). "Fruits of Mormonism," etc., 12mo, cloth, Coloma, Cal., 1851. Early Mormon title. $115.

Stuart (Granville). "Montana as it Is; being a General Description of its Resources," etc., folding map, 2 vols., 8vo, original wrappers, New York, 1865-75. First edition. $180.

Van Delure (John). "A History of the Voyages of John Van Delure," 18mo, contemporary oak boards, Montpelier, 1812. Rare Northwestern narrative. $110.

Washington (George). "The Journal of Major George Washington, sent by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander-in-Chief of Virginia, to the Commandant of the French Forces on Ohio," map, 8vo, 32 pp., levant, Williamburg, 1754. The Journal is principally occupied with a relation of his councils with the Indians west of the Alleghanies. $190.

Wierzbicke (F. P.). "California as it is, and as it may be, or a Guide to the Gold Regions," square 8vo, original wrappers, uncut, San Francisco, 1849. One of the first books printed in San Francisco. $410.

Conrad Collection

A COLLECTION of first and other rare editions of the writings of Joseph Conrad, comprising 200 lots, the property of Richard Curle, close friend and literary executor of the novelist, will be sold at the American Art Galleries, April 28. It was in 1915 that Curle conceived the idea of forming a collection that would be the finest from the standpoint of completeness, condition, and association and to this end he asked the famous author to present him with an autographed first edition of each of his works which Conrad was delighted to do. It was due to these inscriptions that Thomas J. Wise, the English bibliographer, was able to write his bibliography of Conrad.

The first book presented by the author to Curle was "Twixt Land and Sea," followed by the rare "Chance" of 1913 and the last one was the last book published during his lifetime, "The Rover." Every first edition of his main books from "Almayer's Folly," to "The Rover" contains some written note. The gathering of periodical material is complete as first published in serial form in England and America, as are the books and pamphlets. The group of translations is remarkable, including not only a presentation copy of the rare "Typhoon," translated by André Gide, but also a presentation copy of the first book of Conrad's ever translated, "Tales of Unrest" into Swedish in 1903.

Among the rarities is the American "Inheritors," with Heinemann's over-stamp limited to seven copies, the limited edition of "The Rescue," of which there were only 33 copies, a complete set of the 34 pamphlets produced by Shorter, Wise and Conrad, most of which were limited to 25 copies, a series of different issues of "Chance," the limited edition of the "Notes on Life and Letters," and three issues of the ordinary first edition; three different bindings of the first edition of "Twixt Land and Sea," varieties in the bindings of the first edition of "An Outcast of the Islands," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Tales of Unrest," and so on.

An interesting and little known fact is that Conrad while writing amused himself by making sketches in a light vein, of dancing girls and street groups, which he generally destroyed. However Mrs. Conrad rescued a few of these of which ten are in this present collection.

This collection is one of great distinction. There is no other Conrad collection like it. Its dispersal furnishes a unique opportunity.

NOTE AND COMMENT

ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH, 587 Fifth Avenue, has just issued a catalogue of association books, first editions, and autograph letters that contain some very unusual items.

Goodspeed's Book Shop, of Boston, has just issued Catalogue No. 169, "Letters, Documents, and Manuscripts," an octavo volume of 162 pages containing 4,469 items. This is one of the largest stock of autographs ever offered in one catalogue, comprising literary figures, statesmen, royalty, famous soldiers, etc., arranged alphabetically, with various classifications. There are many moderately priced items, an unusual opportunity for the young collector and the extra-illustrator.

The library of the late George A. Crawley will be sold at Sotheby's, in London, May 9. It comprises a large collection of illustrated works of architecture ornament and design, English literature, including a Fourth Folio of Shakespeare; the Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493, in a contemporary binding; other early chronicles and bindings; leaves and miniatures from illustrated manuscripts; a rare Hebrew manuscript Bible, written in a Yemenite hand, and many other lots rare and interesting.

Plans for American participation in the international movement to rebuild and endow the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, recently destroyed by fire, have just been announced by Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, chairman of the executive committee of the American Shakespeare Foundation. "The foundation has fixed $1,000,000 as America's share in the $2,500,000 required to complete the plans of the new theatre and its associated dramatic school, festival company, museum and library," said Professor Baker. "Of this amount the foundation hopes to have $500,000 available before the end of this year. Local committees are now being formed in twenty-one major cities throughout the United States."

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